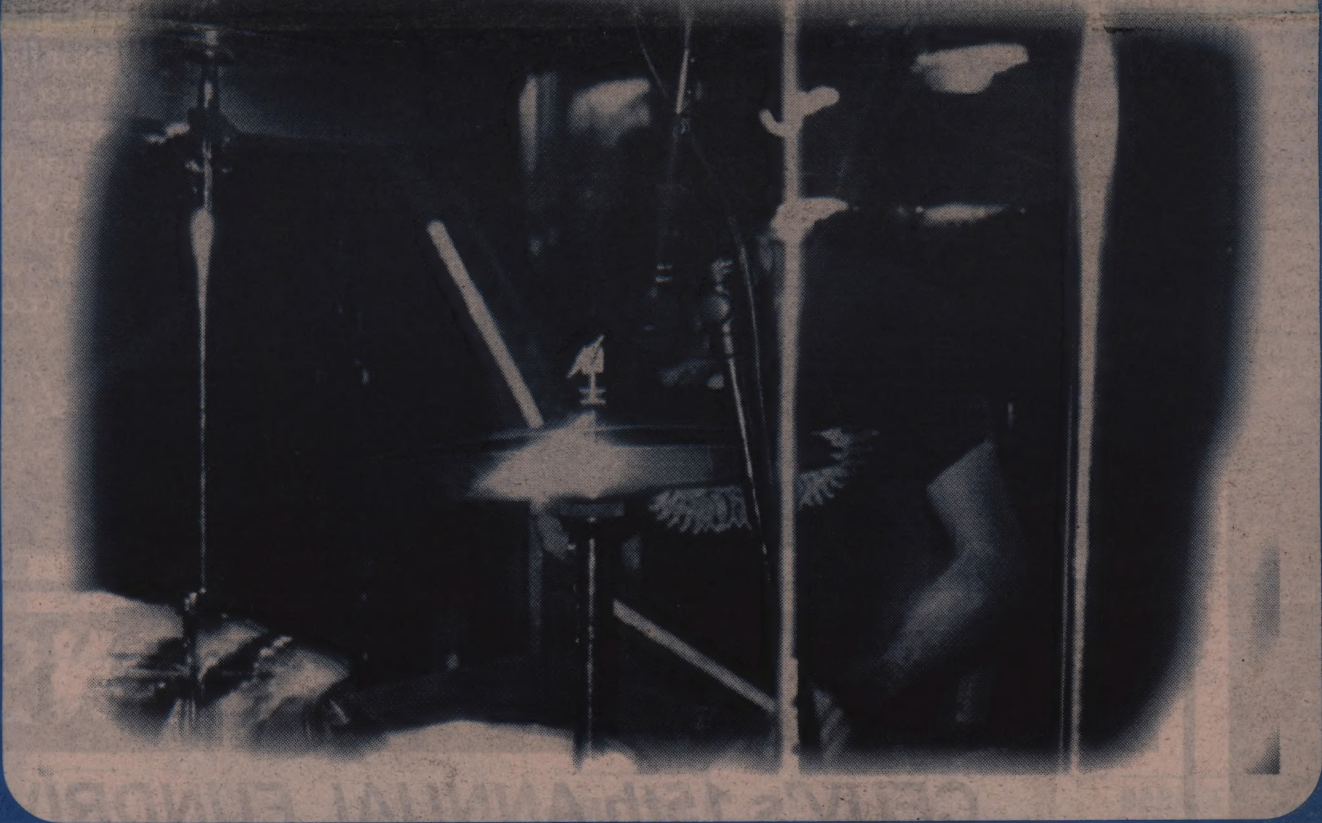


OFFBEAT

October 99
Issue 143
free, bad boy



DJ Spooky...Jimmy Cliff...The Herbaliser...Shellac...Nick O Teen...Dialtales...Gig Guide and more



October
1999
Issue # 143

"Circumcision: keep on doin' it!"

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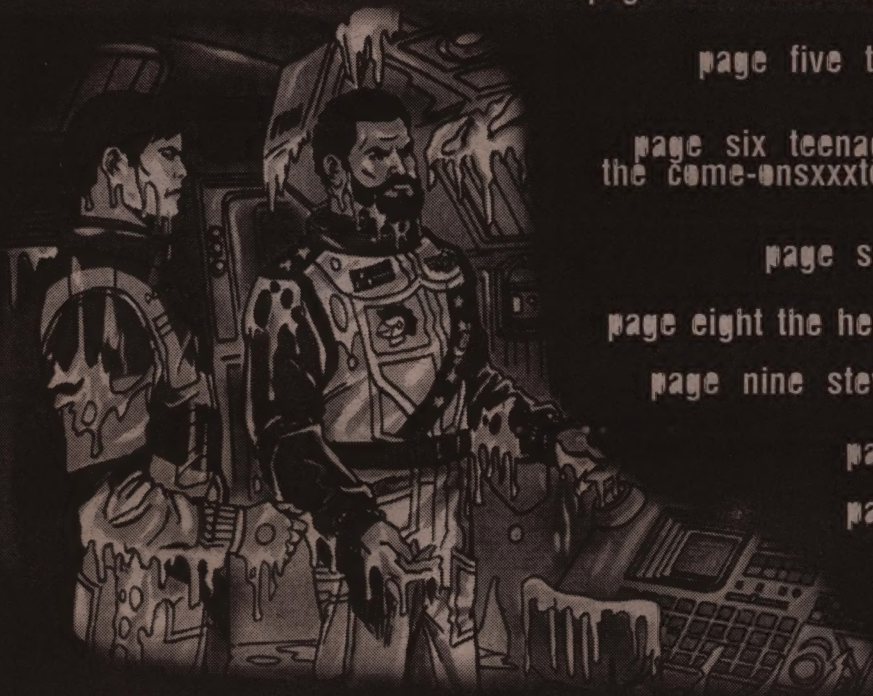
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**-DEADLINE
FOR ALL SUBMISSIONS
IS THE 15TH OF EVERY
MONTH-**

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editorobot: kissing ass one ass at a time

Lonely October and what can a girl do. Thrash around, grow one sharp black bang in the middle of my forehead. Halloween is my favorite celebration. You get to dress up on that particular night in any fashion you want and nobody's gonna screech by on too low for show wheels and scream "FAG" at you. Not that cowardly pussies yelling out car windows should deter anyone from dressing however the hell they want. I wish people weren't so mean. I wish people threw out compliments from speeding cars, not of the "nice ass" variety, but maybe just a "have a good day!" I like to tell random people to enjoy themselves at whatever they happen to be doing. I think that's nice. Another opportunity to be nice: CFUV, our fine radio station, is closing in on our 15th annual FUNDRIVE rocknroll jazerific fantastico fundraising event. Fundrive is not only an opportunity for you, the proud and dedicated listener, to celebrate in all of our Fundrive planned festivities, but it's also a chance for you to honor the hard work of a non-profit campus and community radio station by donating to us some of your hard-earned dough. Even one dollar is more than we had before the one dollar. If you know what I mean. More on Fundrive on page 14, sweet candy girl. As for events in October, well, geez. All ages shows, Halloween celebrations, D.J.s and political actions too. Stay cool. You're golden tonight.



--Lyndsay

RURAL FIXATIONS

CFUV's 15th ANNUAL FUNDRIVE!!!

October 21--October 31 DIAL AND DONATE--721-8700!

The Women's 24-Hour Radiothon KICKS OFF FUNDRIVE

- 10 days of pledging mania -

GOAL: \$20,000

CHECK OUT PAGE 14 for FUNDRIVE!

15 years of
102 FM
CFUV
LISTENER POWERED RADIO

ENTER THE NINJA

By Chris Eng

so72@hotmail.com

I am the son of a migrant.

The bok choi eating, chopstick using, drunken boxing, dynastic son of a Chinese motherfucking boatperson. The half-breed first son of a first son who wonders what all the fuss is about lately. You know what I'm talking about – why is everyone getting so uppity about the immigrant situation? Is it because they're coming over to steal people's jobs, their women and destroy their way of life? It just can't be that simple.

Is it the fact that they come over on boats? Does it invoke some kind of scary pirate connotation that keeps Canadians awake long into the night, imagining as the dark freighter, turned auburn under a patina of rust, draws closer; drifting undetected through the blind Coastguard net; its occupants growing ever more feral with every passing mile as they clench knives in their slaving maws, ready to rape and ruthlessly violate the goodwill of the nearest naval base? Because I'm sure if the First Nations could turn back the clock a few hundred years, they wouldn't have minded strengthening immigration procedures against another batch of boat people who did manage to steal their jobs (or at least their livelihood), their women, and did a pretty tidy job of destroying their way of life.

Or is it that they carry diseases? Dysentery, AIDS, measles, mumps, Montezuma's Revenge, ebola, smallpox? Hiding them in some blankets to trade and distribute to people in their new land as goodwill gifts? I can see where that would be galling to some people; it's always tough to have your prank played back on you.

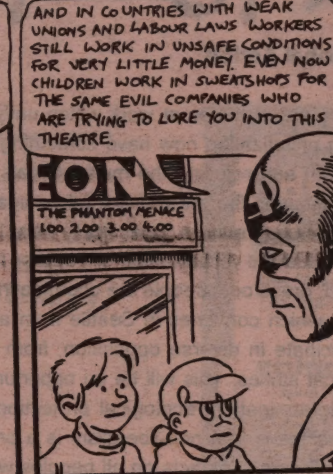
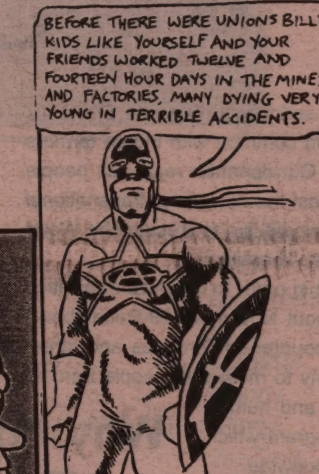
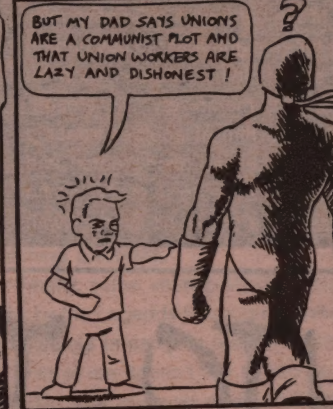
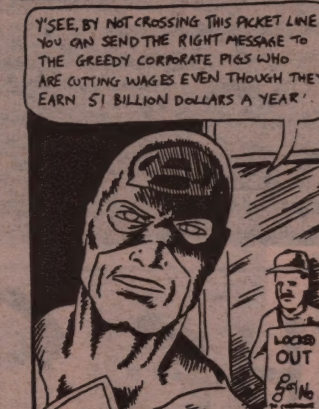
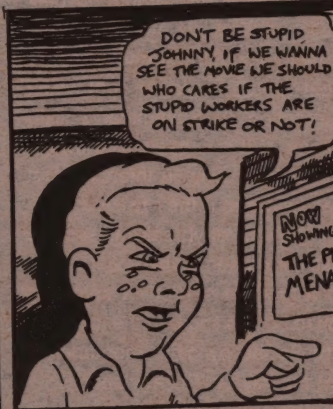
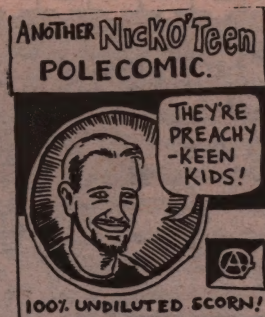
Perhaps it's frightening that they're poor? Is it worrisome that they might take our jobs? Those jobs that we have all been lusting after for so long; those long twelve hour days in sweatshops constructing garments on Vancouver's East Side or maybe the graveyard shift at the local 7-11? The jobs that have been lined up for our children when they graduate from college – you know, the real primo ones with the hefty benefits? Or is it the thought of them bleeding our already beleaguered social system dry that's more terrifying? That only good, honest, normal, decent folk like Preston deserve to qualify for a social safety net and the chance to get back up on their feet? That these émigrés should be prohibited from wanting better lives for themselves, or failing that should at least build us another railroad?

Or maybe it's that they're coming over illegally. Maybe it's that they're taking these extreme measures to land on Canadian soil so they can file for refugee status, since they would obviously have clear and concise knowledge of international protocol and would be privy to an inexpensive and user friendly way to leave the country, one that might even offer discount rates to potential political dissidents. Maybe it's that their refugee claim sounds trumped up and they're just making some outrageous lies about their political status, which you might expect of someone coming from a land where simply speaking about democracy is grounds for life imprisonment and hard labour.

Or is it the criminal element? Because it's plain and clear that no one that had the money and power to simply buy a visa would ever consider committing a felony. Rich people don't do bad things – it runs against their basic nature to be kind and charitable. Ergo, poor people must commit all the crime, and if the migrants are poor then they must be criminals.

Yes, it's all starting to come together now. All in these points taken together must be the well-reasoned explanation as to why there is such an outcry across this great land; it must be that and not some knee-jerk, uninformed, xenophobic sentiment fanned by the pages of yellow journalism. Well, it makes me feel better knowing there is some justifiable rationale that's turning the country that I know and love into a bunch of right-wing bigots. And I can feel happy and once again part of this nation as a whole, because when we go to sleep to tonight we will all dream and have nightmares about the perversion of the ethics and freedoms on which this country stands. They may be from slightly different points of view, but hey – isn't that what Canada is all about?

Magic Teeth by Gareth Gaudin



MONDAY \$2 COVER
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WITH DJ DELICIOUS

TUESDAY
ALL REQUEST NIGHT
WITH DJ SHADE

WEDNESDAY
FRATHOUSE PARTY
WITH DJ SHADE

THURSDAY
80'S BEACH PARTY
WITH DJ DELICIOUS

MONDAY OCTOBER 4

HERBALISER
(LIVE 8 PIECE BAND)
ROOTS MANUVA

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FLICKERING CINECISMS

by James Vitti

I missed her graying hair, a gray that would have matched the tresses of those contemplative stone angels that perpetually hover over the graves about which we strolled in the morning sun.

Toward the beginning of director M. Night Shyamalan's ghostly film *The Sixth Sense*, a bronze still-life heralds the dawn in the history rich city of Philadelphia. Shyamalan keeps the spectacle of the sun rise off-screen. Rather his camera remains stationary throughout the entire event on the bronze figures of a woman and a man. Their void tinged silhouettes cover the entire right hand side of the screen. And so Shyamalan begins his paranormal play with negative space, fear and loneliness. The line of sight of their profiles angle to the upper left hand corner of the frame, in opposition to the conventional movement toward the lower right which naturally draws the viewer into the action. Its Shyamalan pulling our gaze, elsewhere, with intimations of the unseen. The image solidifies, as the sunlight gains, ever so slowly, in intensity, first glinting off streamers of fabric that swirl about their twisted muscular torsos. Eventually, the ruddy glow of daybreak infuses the earthy patina of their drawn cheeks with a semblance of life, only to highlight their anguish. Cut to a modern skyline of sparkling glass office towers. Still, those bronze beings linger in the memory, to be joined throughout *The Sixth Sense* by other monumental traces of a somber past that haunt fall days in Philadelphia.

On such a day with leaves blowing through streets lined with quaint row-housing from the turn of the century, a child psychologist (played by Bruce Willis) waits for an eight-year old boy named Cole Sear (played by Haley Joel Osmert). In his notes on the child, he has highlighted key phrases like "extreme anxiety". He is especially curious about Cole who reminds him of another troubled child of a single parent mother whom he had once treated and supposedly cured with disastrous results, years later. Following Cole on his way to school, he observes a child who scurries with

the furtive steps of the hunted as he quietly slips into a church to hide. To gain his trust, he must carefully weigh every word for Cole harbors a near debilitating secret: He sees dead people. Every where. And so begins a series of meta-physical dialogues, more intriguing than frightening, about *The Sixth Sense* and ghosts who time share the same space with the living.

And as Cole's discloses more about those spirits he might see roaming his kitchen like the angry housewife with the deep cuts scored into her wrists, I felt the familiar presence of our elderly next door neighbor, Mrs. Chalmers. Often, she would try to alleviate my childish worries about ghosts by reassuring me, as she passed over the fence to my mother a bunch of carrots fresh from her garden. Every apparition that she had met during seances had simply been lonely. Most were individuals who had not yet realized that they were dead and who themselves craved a resolution to the unfinished business of their lives.

And so, had I the opportunity to discuss *The Sixth Sense* with Mrs. Chalmers, I suspect, that she would have dismissed the scratches and other traumas inflicted on Cole by long suffering shades as standard Tinseltown theatrics. Then again, she would have approved of the film's profound sense of social justice. Years later, I would learn that Mrs. Chalmers, as a young woman in De-

The Sixth Sense



pression era Winnipeg, had been an active member of a group of spiritualists who chronicled their quests into this other plane of being in lengthy poems. The economic upheavals and open class conflict of the 30's has its echoes in the brutalized ghosts that coexist with Cole and his devoted mother (played by Toni Colette) who must work two jobs to keep him in his up scale private school. She is unwavering in her support of him despite the insinuations that its she who is physically abusing her son. In turn, he protects her from his secret sight. Without tangible evidence, he dares argue with his history teacher, shouting that the exalted law-makers who once occupied the school building were responsible for executing innocent women, children and black men who still hang from the school rafters in ghostly accusation. In the symbolic citadel of colonial democracy, Philadelphia, Cole is possessed by those who still remain the dispossessed. With *The Sixth Sense* he will channel the history of the powerless to hold accountable those who have erected memorials to their victims.

Back at the cemetery, I had my suspicions that walking among these head stones was making her nervous. Briefly, we would sit in the shade of an old oak to give her a chance to sip on her coffee. Quickly chilled, she would ask to stroll for a time in the hot sunshine. With each cluster of graves we passed, she related disconnected anecdotes about drunken costume parties and a hallucination inducing scorpion sting in the desert. But here, surrounded by the dead, the past overwhelmed her and our final farewell.

INTO THE STREETS

By Allan Hauk & People's Global Action

In the world of today, there are social forces at work which unify seemingly disparate elements: postal workers in Canada fighting privatization now have something in common with Indian farmers burning out Kentucky Fried Chicken and refusing the multinationals. Our common reality as people today includes the urgent task of securing the present and future against the designs of transnational corporations and the programs which serve them. Specifically here I would like to discuss the World Trade Organization and what is called the *globalization of trade* or neo-liberalism.

In Victoria, as around the world, grassroots people are coordinating in order to organize opposition to the World Trade Organization, which convenes in Seattle from about November 29-December 2 1999. We hope to see and participate in diverse opposition, from counter-conferences and street theatre to direct actions and wildcat strikes. This will be an opportunity to meet with people from all over the world who desire self-determination, ecological protection and human rights. What I would like to emphasize is that neo-liberalism is a program which demands opposition from *all* peoples, as it impacts on all peoples worldwide.

Many of the people in Victoria who are organizing towards Seattle 1999 are affiliated with the People's Global Action grassroots network. Many of the following passages come from the PGA manifesto, which was written by many participants worldwide:

There is now underway an accelerating redistribution of power at a global level, strengthening what is usually referred to as "corporate power." In this peculiar political system, global capital determines (with the help of such lobbies as the World Economic Forum) the economic and social agenda on a worldwide scale. These corporate lobby groups give their instructions to governments in the form of recommendations, and governments follow them,

since the few that refuse to obey the "advice" of corporate lobby groups find their currencies under attack by speculators and see the investors pulling out. The influence of corporate lobby groups has been strengthened by regional and multilateral agreements. With their help, neo-liberal policies are being imposed all over the world.

The process of world-wide accumulation and exclusion amounts to a global attack on elementary human rights, with very visible consequences: misery, hunger, homelessness, unemployment, deteriorating health conditions, landlessness, illiteracy, sharpened gender inequalities, explosive growth of the "informal" sector and the underground economy (particularly drugs), the destruction of community life, cuts in social services and labour rights, accelerating environmental destruction, growing racial, ethnic and religious intolerance, massive migration (for economic, political and environmental reasons), strengthened military control and repression.

The content of the present education system is more and more conditioned by the demands of production as dictated by corporations. The interests and requirements of economic globalization are leading to a growing commodification of education. The diminishing public budgets in education are encouraging the development of private schools and universities, while the labour conditions of people working in the public education sector are being eroded by austerity and Structural Adjustment Programs. Increasingly, learning is becoming a process that intensifies inequalities in society. Even the public education system, and most of all the university, is becoming inaccessible for wide sectors of societies. The learning of humanities and the development of critical thinking are being discouraged in favor of an education subservient to the interests of the globalization process, where competitive values are predominant. Students increasingly spend more time in learning how to compete with each other, rather than enhancing personal growth and building critical skills and the potential to transform society.

Women are responsible for creating, educating, feeding, clothing and disciplining young people to prepare them to become part of the global labour force. They are used as cheap and docile labour for the most exploitative forms of employment, as exemplified in the *maquilas* of the textile and microelectronics industry. Forced out of their homelands by the poverty caused by globalization, many women seek employment in foreign countries, often as illegal immigrants, subjected to terrifying working conditions and insecurity. The worldwide trade in women's bodies has become a major element of world commerce and includes children as young as 10. They are used by the global economy through diverse forms of exploitation and commodification.

Indigenous peoples and nationalities have a long history of resistance against the destruction provoked by colonization and capitalism. Today, they are confronted with the neo-liberal globalization project as an instrument of transnational and financial capital for neo-colonization and extermination. The new actors of the globalization project are violently invading the territories of indigenous peoples, destroying their ways of life, attempting to patent their knowledge and genes, and perpetrating genocide. The nation-states are actively encouraging these invasions.

In the British Columbia of today, Weyerhaeuser is in the process of taking over Macmillan Bloedel.

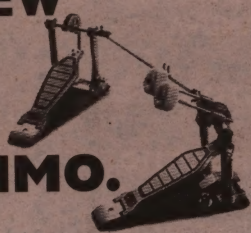
The impact of transnational capital is not limited to the creation of exploitative jobs. Most of the foreign direct investment in both privileged and underprivileged countries consists of transnational corporations (TNCs) taking over national enterprises, which most typically results in the destruction of jobs. And TNCs never come alone with their money: they also bring foreign products into the country, sweeping great numbers of local firms and farms out of the market, or forcing them to produce under even more inhumane conditions. Finally, most of the foreign investment provokes the unsustainable exploitation of natural resources, which results in the irretrievable dispossession of the livelihoods of diverse communities of indigenous peoples, farmers, and others.

And the alternative? We work to create self-determination, ecological harmony, solidarity and compassion. We struggle for control of our workplaces. We assert our will to overcome all forms of exploitation and oppression. We are together as human beings and communities.

The PGA Manifesto is available via the internet: www.agp.org/agp/en/PGAInfos/bulletin1.html

Local contact: if you want more info about Seattle 1999 or about local activities email pahuri@hotmail.com

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A FEEL-ILUST

By moron

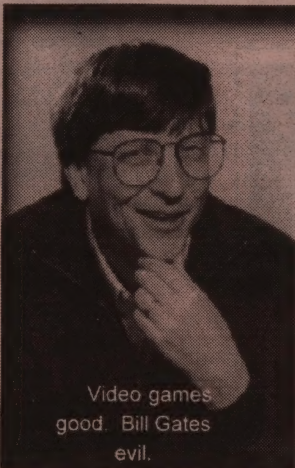
It's good to have things to hate. A nice hospital toilet clean demarcation between that which is righteous and that which is putridly noxious. Thrills gum, totally righteous. Fresca, spit it out noxious. The recent Nile album on Relapse, hell righteous. Any Tortoise album, wanna be intellectual twiddle-core noxious. Michael Moore, split a gut righteous. Superstation, utter brain sucking noxious. Video games, blister on my thumb righteous. Bill Gates, the world's favourite dictator from the evil empire, "Would you like fries with that?" noxious. This last step is important to reiterate. Video games good. Bill Gates evil. What do you get when you mix 'em? The Sega Dreamcast of course.

For the uninitiated (like this hasn't been bashed down yer throats more times than the Dayglos have reformed), Microsoft Windows has a simple little brother known as "Windows CE". This is bloatware on a crash diet - it may just barely fit in those cool hot pants but it ain't a pretty sight. Windows CE is making a stab at entering the embedded market, things like cars ("We're sorry, this airbag has performed an illegal operation"), cellular phones, cable TV set top boxes and ahem, game systems. See, there is lurking in the future the concept of "integration". As toasters and fridges get smarter (don't laugh, Westinghouse recently showed off a smart fridge complete with family email and sexy touch screen) a lot of what you use your 'puter for may become redundant. Crouching over your computer like a crippled pervert just doesn't compete with sprawling on the couch, pantless, bong in one hand and Playstation controller in the other. Microsoft knows this which is why they have been buying up Cable companies lately - guess what OS their new set top boxes will be running?

So one day poor little Sega is off crying in the corporate village when big brother Microsoft comes along and offers to help out their hurting game system with Windows CE. So what is the result when you take off the shelf PC hand me downs and the bastard offspring of the evil empire? One yawner of a video game console that's what. The reason the Playstation rocked our world is that at the time of its release, it knocked the pants off of everything else around, including PCs. It was a step forward not

a step into you know what.

The Dreamcast has graphics that are prettier than other current consoles but don't match up to recent PCs (or that purdy mouth of yours). It doesn't play DVDs and is intended to get you riding the upgrade train to I'm-broke'sville. It's Internet connectivity is based on 56k Win modems and as any ADSL or cable modem junkie knows, standard modems guarantee a minimum of about 300ms worth of lag. Enough for your friend's mom to frag yer ass in Quake 2. The system is designed to make Windows games easier to port over which will be like cramming my size 10 foot into a size 5 ballerina slipper (which I do ONLY for my girlfriend). Most developers queried so far seem to loathe the inclusion of CE - enough so to blame performance problems on it. And the Dreamcast is doing only so-so in Japan where these things are way more important (well next to Pokeman and Pocky).



Video games good. Bill Gates evil.

Ok, I guess I shouldn't completely vilify this thing. . . screw that. The Dreamcast sucks. And don't go thinking that this is some type of screwed up product loyalty to Sony cuz it ain't (hell, if you climb high enough Sony is behind the screwing of the projectionist's union). It's about marketing VS content. Progress VS freewheeling. Goliath VS um, another Goliath. The Dreamcast offers nothing new other than the chance for Microsoft to wiener their way deeper into our technological lives.

Worse yet, Microsoft is getting ready to stick it to Sega anyways. They have already started making noises about "X-Box", their own Windows CE driven mega console based on standard PC guts and nVidia graphics chips. In other words, the Dreamcast is nothing but a jazzed up Coleco ADAM computer. If you are thinking "a what?" then you *totally* get the idea. Go to your local thrift store for some education on obsolescence. If you want a cheap PC get one. If you want a games console wait for the PSX2 or Nintendo Dolphin. Or if you really want to get burned by the man, buy a Dreamcast.

Sega must be on a drug binge cuz this seems like a guaranteed route to hari kari. And I don't know about you, but in my dream it ain't Bill Gates wearing the high heels and wielding the whip (and no it ain't Linus Torvald neither).

live girl on girl action

By Tathra Street

After a lonely summer of doing "Girls Night In" (formerly Dyke Dimension) virtually solo, I finished the season with something that got me excited. Somehow, in the last couple of years nearly all the people who were involved with CFUV's only Queer Women's Radio Show have all but disappeared and I ended up doing the show every week instead of every month. If you are a regular listener you will know that the show has been suffering lately.

I wanted to do a show on Vancouver Pride and took a tape recorder over for the weekend but it never worked out. Finally, when I took a recorder to the fourth annual conference on Bisexuality and Gender Diversity (in Vancouver) I got what I wanted. I know I tend to push the bisexual envelope a lot but this was a chance for listeners to hear others perspectives on the issue and hear about the community instead of my isolated rants. I interviewed about ten people, about half of whom were the Victoria crew, but also workshop facilitators, conference organizers and volunteers. When I got the tapes home and listened to them I was super excited about airing this, my first mini-documentary, on what had become a tired show.

It was evident that the skill and quality increased as it got closer to the end. I wanted to edit the order of interviews but... the thought of transferring the tapes to reel-to-reel and cutting and splicing in the few days before air-time... Let's just say I'm looking forward to learning how to use the digital editing equipment that has recently come to CFUV I had told the Vancouver residents I interviewed to listen on the following Monday via Real Audio on the net. The bi-gang of Victoria folks who went to the conference with me and those I interviewed as well were also keen to hear it, so I just aired it 'as is' with a bit of an explanation that this was my first mini-documentary and please keep listening 'cuz the quality increased over time, honest! I thought it would be a two-part series but it ended up being three as the last interview, one I did a week later with a Victoria bi-gyrl who also attended, was longer than I thought.

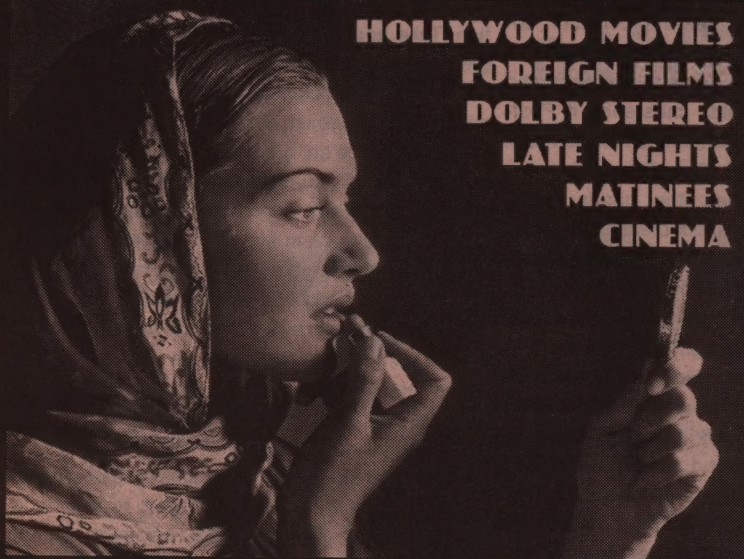
I never even thought of doing anything like this until I heard other people's tapes of documentary-type shows. Hmm, I could do that, so I did. It's really easy, you just have to learn how to use the tape recorders or the recording studio here at CFUV (and, yes! you can get training here all for that). It also helps to have a good idea of what kind of message you want to get across and what kind of questions to ask interviewees in order to get that message out. Flexibility is important 'cuz sometimes the result is not exactly as you intended. Once I did a show on voices from the margins of the lesbian community but no one I interviewed was willing to be as critical of their community as I had hoped, at least not while the tape was running. This mini-documentary was more about covering an event and getting local peoples perspectives than giving a message. If anything it was that Vancouver has a very organized bisexual community and Victoria has lots of bi-phobia. That's my take on it, what's yours? You can email me at tathra@avi.org

Magic Teeth

by Gareth Gaudin



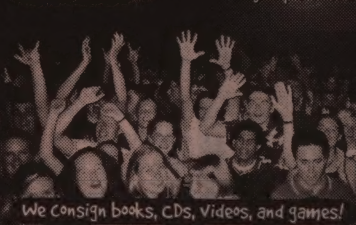
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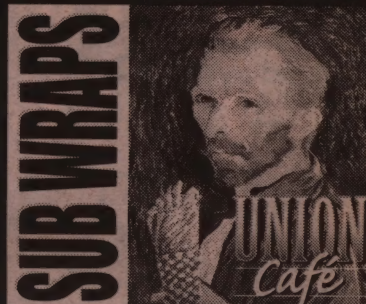
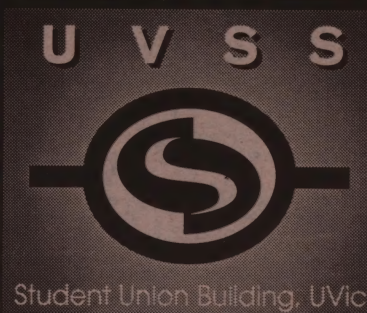
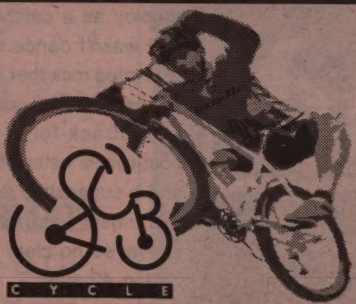
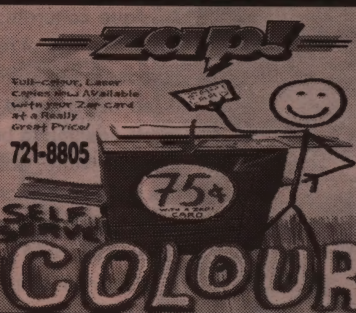
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University of Victoria Students' Society

TEENAGE ROCK N' ROLL MACHINE:

THE COME-ONS - FOUR GOOD-LOOKIN BOYS

by David Barclay



SHANE is the dark and stocky singer of this four-piece garage band. He studied classical guitar at an early age, although it was crime that finally raised his interest in rock n' roll, surf music. It all started when Shane had discovered the nutritional value of that fine layer of filth that deposits itself on the body of young man, hence he decided that he possessed the resources required to drop out of school and move into his own apartment. This forced him into Vancouver's infamous Gas Town. It was around this time that his interest in music overpowered him. He began studying piano, violin and guitar. This time he was not taking lessons or studying classically. Sadly this music fever was not to last, as only weeks later all of his instruments were stolen, save his lone guitar. To this day he does still not understand how the thieves managed to remove his piano. After hours of relentless practice, Shane has become a skilled swing and rock and roll guitarist. He has played with several groups including Los Disastros.

JEFF, a Sid Vicious look-a-like and a UBC arts graduate, is the punk rocker of the four. He spent his youth skateboarding and hanging out at Dairy Queen in Kelowna and Kamloops with such bands as The Pirates. He eventually rose to fame playing bass for the Disfigureens. He still recalls exactly how they punched out that catchy telephone tune using several keypads which produced the intro to their hit single "Punk Rock Party." After graduation, he realized that an arts degree had little use in today's world and therefore moved to Vancouver to become a professional rock musician. After joining the Disfigureens, a fusion of the Disfigureens and Victoria's Defektors, he once again hit fame with the number one 7" single "Nothing Personal." He now holds a restaurant job which he says is solely for street credit.



DARREN is the cameo member of the band. His relationship with the band is purely musical. He uses out of town shows as an excuse to sight-see with his girlfriend. He shows up to play and hang out, but aside from that he is never seen with the band. The only other thing anyone knows about Darren is that he works alongside Bryce at Singles Going Steady.



BRYCE is the veteran of the gang, refined from his past experience as garage music guru and drummer for The Smugglers. He gave up his sea worthy sticks last year during their 10th anniversary bash which saw the release of the Smugglers album, *Live in Madrid*. He has now settled down in Vancouver working at B.C.'s finest source of Garage, Oi and Scooter parts, Singles Going Steady. He also hosts a morning radio show at Vancouver's CiTR, during which he shares his very complete knowledge of yesterday's and today's garage music scene. Bryce is polite and he is also the oldest of the group.



cut 'em out!
collect
all four!

*The boys in these photos are not the actual band members, nor are they actors. These photos are only a visual representation of what a boy-band may look like. They may be boys in your school or in another district near you. They will vary in numbers, height and colour. David Barclay looks a little like the boys in this band. You'll know him when you see him.

Josh's Blair Witch Mix



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Top of The Pops:

Shaking the Post Rock Narcotic - What did yer call that noise?

By Christina Nilsen

Simon Reynolds, coined the term post-rock when he had to make up a genre. Well, it kinda stuck even if everyone cool thinks it stinks now. (www.postrock.com)

We humans like to stick labels on things, put them in files and alphabetize them. Gives us the illusion of order and meaning in the world. Helps us sell stuff too. Hard to sell stuff that has no name.

In 1994 *The Wire* published Simon Reynolds' article "Shaking the Rock Narcotic." The article described a vast and new frontier of (mostly) instrumental music, which wove together varying elements of techno, hip hop, free improvisation, art rock, kraut rock, no wave, old-country, folk, electroacoustic music, 60's drone minimalism, and musique concrete. Reynolds christened it *Post-Rock*. The use of rock instrumentation for non-rock purposes. Sonic Youth, the Dirty Three, Tortoise, Gastr del Sol and countless other bands whose music seemed to be more about creating layers of sound, texture, and near-visual experiences than riffs and power chords, gained the *post rock* sticker, though often as not, their similarities went only as far as a zip code in the Chicago area.

Post rock's critics rose quickly to the conch, calling the term *camp* and pointing to its common employ as a catch-all for any instrumental music that wasn't dance or jazz, and for any sort of hyphenated rock that didn't quite fit into existing music biz genres. The confusion fed itself on millenarian soundtrack-for-a-new-century harbingers, on post-rock's ostensible parallel to post modernism, and a suggestion implicit in the term *post rock* that this music was *not* rock. Simply stated, the term conveyed no clear message beyond *not that shit* on top 40 radio.

But classifying music has never really been

about the music itself. The wonderfulness of music is that it is about *sound*, not printed language. Were it possible to communicate music via printed language, we could just read music reviews and never bother with actually listening to the albums. It's hardly a revelation then, that music labeling is all about radio stations and record labels manufacturing *scenes* and creating markets. It's pretty tough to sell music if all you say about it is, "Well Gee, it's beautiful sounding." You need a catch-word so that consumers will know, in a general sense, what kind of beautiful.

The music originally described by Reynolds was and is largely about innovation and experimentation. Take *post rock* poster boy Jim O'Rourke: At the young age of 30, O'Rourke has created music that's been called electro-acoustic, music concrete, minimalist, modernist, drone, Fahey-esque folk guitar, performance art, modern composition and, yes, post rock. But O'Rourke sees himself first and foremost as a creative improviser. To apply a catch word like *post rock* to him is to suggest that his is a genre of music with enough uniformity to be succinctly defined, and that its parameters are static. That would be incorrect, but the record stores need a label for the section where his records go, because they just aren't rock in any drum-bass-guitars/ hot physical presence Joe Carducci sense.

And anyway, it's just plain silly to think that a catch phrase like *post rock* actually creates musical parameters. Musicians are free to push forth in all directions in pursuit of new regions of sound, and what the world chooses to call their creations is an after-the-fact issue for rock writers and music mags. When *post rock* proves itself sufficiently useless as a communication tool, someone will coin a new phrase. I've heard the term *airport* a lot lately. Conjure a vague image for that one.

BUMBERSHOOT

WRITTEN BY TYGER DHULA
PHOTOS BY SHEILA LE

Labour Day and Seattle can only mean one thing: Bumbershoot!

This years line-up looked as consistent as ever, with many diverse acts from noon to 11pm for four days. With an admission price of \$32 US/4days(in advance)...how can one go wrong?

Friday

We arrived in downtown Seattle via Port Angeles (where we almost cheekily declared ourselves as fruits and vegetables to the customs officer) and headed straight to the Seattle Center, where all the nonsense was set to get underway. Having sadly missed the *Rhythm Message* show earlier, there was little else going on that was an ear perker. Not to worry though, there was definitely enough quality entertainment about to keep anyone running between the 19 stages offered this year.

After getting oriented with the international food booths, the beer gardens, press entrances & facilities we decided to do some aural exploration at the jazz stage with the **Julian Snow Trio**. According to the handy dandy reference guide the line up was drums, guitar and Rhodes through effect pedals. These three guys from Portland ended up offering some mildly challenging jazz with quirky synth sounds arpeggiated overtop. The playing was a little tentative at times and unfortunately the synth had a hard time working into the mix--and tended to sound gimmicky... maybe its because they didn't go for my proposed title of *Black Underwear Samba* in their "name our tune for a half a 7-Up contests." Who really knows? OFF to the Rhythm Stage Beer Garden!

Let me mention that beer gardens are always great places to meet. We caught the opening of **The Tom Tom Club** (formed by two members of the Talking Heads). I was unable to get into their tunes due to a tardy start and new information that **pH Balance's** "trip hop with sultry female vocals" was on at the Mainstage. Off again, this time weaving through the cattle call of a line to the stadium. As we got within earshot, the grooves were super happening--and then we heard "...and let's hear it one more time for **pH Balance**!!!!!" (cheers...bad rock...and 1-2-3and it's a stadium tour) Over to the NW Court Stage (bring back the wild stage!) To close day 1.

We took in some open air cinema sippin' on some suds. The show was called **Cartoons from Hell**. Animation (Merrie Melodies, Harvey etc...) from the 30's that have been banned for racial, blasphemous and satanic connotations. It was pretty bizarre to see the stereotypes that were once used and to realize what has and hasn't changed.

So, after a mild start in day one, we were tuned and ready for the next 3 days.

Saturday

We woke up at the Seattle Center State Campground (the PARKADE, if you're a stickler) and skimmed over our picks for the day. Upon entering we could not ignore the seriously funky grooves from the NW Court Stage. Aha! The 1st of the hidden gems. **Miracle Whip** consisted of drums, guitar, B3 Organ, sax and flugelhorn. The lack of bass player meant all the basslines would come from the organists left hand. This excited me. I was definitely not disappointed with the jb's and meters style instrumental grooves produced by this five piece. The two *standout* members were the flugelhorn player, with Miles-like soaring solos and the organist, whose basslines didn't drop a beat and were super funky. *He wins this years "I DESERVE A B3" award of the festival.*

Black Eyed Peas were next at the Rock Arena. A live hip-hop/nu-school soul outfit from the Bay area. Their performance was highly anticipated by our crew, so we made efforts to be early to secure a good spot for the show. As they took the stage their presence was solid, professional and powerful. Their live performance was polished, with good pacing, excellent writing and seductively smooth transitions. They had a live drummer, bassist, a darling of a Rhodes player/trumpeteer, 3 MC's, a DJ (with an akai 2000 sampler) and a beautifully soulful female vocalist. They were extremely positive with their lyrics, touching on awareness, forward thinking and growth. Definitely, our highlight of Day 2.

In true Bumbershoot fashion, we raced to the Mainstage to catch **Jimmy Cliff** on stage. The bright energy of the crowd in response to his 90's performance was locked in nostalgia. It was a rare treat to see one of the early reggae masters still wining with his fans. Off we went to the acoustically pleasing Opera House to hear some of the **Pharoah Sanders Quartet**. He appeared on stage in a shiny teal gown, slacks, sneakers & sunglasses. A master of his saxophone, Sanders fingered notes with no breath to add a percussive layer, he chanted into the bell to create an African feel... In his 1.5 hour performance he maximized the use of his instrument beyond imagination--mostly whirling and soaring above his band's highly throbbing bed. The drummer (whose cymbals were angled 90 degrees towards him) provided articulately textured rhythms for the stand up bass and piano players to groove around. The level of musical interaction and communication were extremely high throughout the show. It was a pleasure to have witnessed such a classy, stageman as Sanders. The audience for this show seemed knowledgeable and

appreciative, responding enthusiastically to the expressive solos and freeform jazz.

Back at the Rhythm Stage Beer Garden...to get ready for **Baaba Maal's** evening performance. Sadly, word got around that his African dance/Pop set was cancelled. Enter Bumbershoot hidden gem 2!

The replacement band chosen by the festival co-ordinators was the **Master Musicians of Jajouka** (a 9 piece Moroccan ensemble slated to open for Sonic Youth on Day 3) The musicians were all in traditional dress complete with headpieces, and the instrumentation included 3 hand drummers, two violin players (resting their violins on their laps like cellos) and four singers, who were also playing some sort of traditional guitars. The real surprise of the show, however, came when we got closer to the stage and noticed a not-so-traditional Moroccan outfit BANG in the middle of the group. **Bellyfish** excitedly pointed out to me that this outfit was **Lee Renaldo**, the guitar player from **Sonic Youth**! He was blending right in with droning harmonics and at many times was staring intently at the conductor of the group. All of those on stage were feeding off this culture clash that fueled some intense jams. As Renaldo became aware that some of these new tricks were going down great with the old dogs, he took it even further, belting out some power chords to the delight of those on stage and in the audience. This show was about as cross-cultural as it gets. A fine way to end Day 2.

Sunday

Another groggy wake up and stumble from the parkade and we were amidst the 20,000 Bumbershooters inside the gates. We navigated our way to the Bumberella Stage to catch the noon performance of the **Omar Torrez Band**. I was lucky to have caught their set at the Opera House of last year's festival, which contained some highly syncopated flamenco funk. This years' version of the band leaned a little more to the rock side of things with Torrez opting to use an electric guitar for the majority of the performance to display his deft fingering and latin laced funk. I think the replacement of the bass player effected the rhythm section's superb tightness that I was so attracted to last year. Nonetheless, it was still a groovin' show. The brilliance from last year came through in *Toro* (a song about a bull) where the acoustic guitar was featured. This Seattle foursome is definitely worth further investigation by anyone into Latin music with a twist.

The Opera House played host to some sweet guitar and vocals courtesy of **Tuck & Patti**. This was a pre-festival highlight of yours truly. This beautiful duo that celebrates 21 years of playing music together was offset nicely by the classy environment of the Opera House. They took the stage and promptly set off a nice collection of ballads, including one inspired by a chance meeting with Carlos Santana in a South Carolina airport. The piece verbally explored questions about alignment and change that arise in today's fast paced world--the answers being found in love, both internal and external. Half way through the performance, Patti left the stage to make room for some seriously accomplished solo guitar by her lover and musical partner. Boy! Did he ever get it going on. Playing basslines with his thumbs and hammering out harmonies and melodies with his other digits, I gave up trying to follow about 5 seconds in. I surrendered myself to the gorgeous onslaught of sound coming from his instrument, and allowed the shivers creep up my spine. The whole crowd felt it. People with their eyes closed and smiling is usually a good indication, along with thunderous applause and a partial standing ovation after the second piece...rating? I give this one a very healthy four shivers.

Uh oh... Not too much time to process the show, as we raced to the "isn't this a bit too loud?" Rock Arena for the end of **IQU**, an Olympia WA based electronic/rock trio who were opening for **Cibo Matto**. Thank god (and george) for earplugs. **IQU** consisted of an upright bassplayer, a fellow operating a sampling sequencer, turntables and playing guitar, and a synth/keyboard player. With their live show comprised of playing parts over previously sequenced sounds, there is always a chance for technical difficulties. Some electronic gear can really develop a bad attitude. Luckily for **IQU**, their problems only lasted a minute and the crowd either didn't notice or were totally supportive. The tunes themselves had decidedly different parts, with mellow heady moog stuff-flipping immediately into heavy rock guitar and feedback passages. The impression I get from the show was that the trio although young and talented, seemed a little awestruck to be at the Rock Arena and didn't quite hold the presence necessary to captivate the audience. After a brief intermission **Cibo Matto** took the stage and the arena was packed to the rafters.

The one that seemed to have gotten away Day 3 was a show at the Music Box stage by **Hana**, a project by the singer from **Sky Cries Mary** with some drum loops and ambient textures. This performance had our cohort from the Yukon News admittedly drooling half an hour into the show. A big statement considering he hadn't



Black-Eyed Peas

made it to the Beer Garden yet. We were able to enjoy the CD late Sunday night while drifting to sleep beneath the Space Needle to the hypnotic, dead can dance-ish textures. Oh well! I guess you can't catch them all!!!

Monday

A bit of a late start on Day 4, but we were on site by 2:30 to catch **Mickey Hart's Planet Drum** (formerly of the Grateful Dead). With him this show were two drummers from Santana that complemented his performance with fervour. Unfortunately from the earlier rain, an intense stench had developed on the Mainstage turf and I had to escape before my eyebrows melted off my face. Off to the Bumberella Stage to catch up with **Jai Uttal & The Pagan Love Orchestra**. Their performance got off to a late start, but the grooves that they produced once underway made the wait worthwhile. Quite a mish-mash of instrumentation for these guys on stage, with a drum kit, huge percussion rig, electric bass, B3 organ, a melodian, flutes, horns... trust me, the list goes on. Their musical package included middle eastern references, chants and a healthy dose of funk.

The Grand Finale, **The Roots** on the Mainstage. Rumour circulated the grounds that up and comer **Macy Grey** would be making a suprise opening performance. I had no idea what to expect from Grey, but after hearing that it was this young soul vocalist's birthday, I had a feeling it would be special. She had a 12 piece band backing her up as she roamed the stage, squatting on her haunches to get up close and personal with those in the front. Her music was soulful and tight, with some excellently clever transitions--complete with jungle-style rewinds, started by the DJ spinning a record backwards and the band following downwards, this show had some excellent parts and was choreographed extremely well. *NO birthday is complete without a "Happy Birthday Serenade" sang to Macy Grey by the audience.*

During the break, the concentration of homeboys were on the rise. As were the large bats and bowls of unmentionables circulating around. This could only mean **The Roots** were almost upon us. Wanting to be sure to get on the vibe, I decided to leave my earplugs in my pocket for this finale. From the first tight smack on the snare drum, it was apparent **The Roots** meant business this night. The electric bass, drums and Rhodes supplied an intensely deep solid groove, never being too elaborate with each player knowing their role. This overall tight sound really paved the way for the emcee's to elaborate overtop. **Rahzel's** alien beat boxing, and classics such as *Proceed* off their first album had the crowd wowed through the first half of the show. However, I think the aforementioned unmentionables were responsible for the crowds zoning out in the audience participation segment halfway through the show.

Rahzel- Everybody say "ain't it funky!"

Crowd Response- "yeah!!!"

Then out came two guest beat boxers from NYC. **Kenny X** was the first to take the mic, wasting no time in getting peoples hands in the air and jaws on the floor with his intense skill. Kick drums. 16th note high hats. Snare drums. Basslines. Scratches. You name it, they were all coming from one mouth and one mic. Truly remarkable. 140 bpm electro rhythms, deep hip hop zones and James Brown remixes were offered by Mr. X and the crowd got some cherishable memories (festival highlight!!!) Then it was on to **Mad Dog** and **Rahzel** to join him for the **HUMAN BEATBOX ORCHESTRA**. 15 minutes later, **The Roots** closed their show, along with another episode of Bumbershoot by saying "Keep It Real". The stadium lights dawned and the bright lights exposed the dazed look on all of our faces, indeed.

Many thanks to the Mouse for the house, Belly for not being too smelly, Mark & Mark from the Yukon for having the same name and of course to all those involved at Bumbershoot. Thanks for having 29 years of music. See ya there next year!

*Tyger Dhula has been spinning records professionally both locally and within the US and Canada for over 7 years. You can catch him weekly at 751 View St. on Wednesdays as 1 of 6 resident DJ's heard at ROTATE. Sheila Le is a visual artist who specializes in sculpture, installation and painting. Tyger Dhula & Sheila Le in conjunction with keyboardist Danuel Tate will present **House Without Walls, an Art and Sound installation at Open Space Gallery, October 17th-23rd**. Come for a special live musical performance on October 23rd as performed by Danuel Tate & Tyger Dhula. Doors are at 8:30pm.*

THE HERBALISER

questions
and
answers

BY MISSIE

Founded in 1992 by bassist Jake Wherry & DJ Ollie Teeba, the Herbaliser is composed of 8 core members-Kaidi Tatham on keyboards, Patrick Dawes on percussion, Ralph Lamb on trumpet & flugel horn, Andy Ross on tenor sax & flute, Chris "CASH" Bowden on alpha sax and "stage stagger", and Micky Moody on drums (* rock trivia - Micky's dad was the lead guitarist in glam rock band Whitesnake). **They will be performing on October 4th at Legends.** I had the pleasure of speaking to **Jake Wherry** via telephone from the U.K. in late August. Here's what he had to say...

About Jake...

I felt more passionate about music than I felt passionate about passion. At the age of 7 or 8 my dream was to play electric guitar in a band-by 14 I was in a band...by 22 I realized that I wasn't going to be the best jazz guitarist in the world and sold my guitar for a bass and a sampler. I had begun experimenting making music with samples when I met DJ Ollie Teeba.

The Herbaliser was developed as a studio based project making instrumental hip-hop beats while adding cinematic influences.

Music and the sampler...

The music is mainly done in the studio which is then transferred through interpretation by the live 8 piece band. In that respect we're quite rare really. The live dance music scene in England is still very much coming off computers, machines and people jumping around on stage. "Big Rock Stars" (snicker).

I've always had musical sympathy with a sampler-where as people would say samplers are really automated and boring;unmusical and

unfunky. We've always treated the sampler as if it were a musical instrument and do the most you can with it. When I bought a sampler it didn't say: If you want to make funky hip-hop beats and interesting jazzy music turn to page 17. You have to make the sampler do what we wanted to do. We use computers and stuff with the empathy and sympathy of the live musician. I like repetitive music and our music is big on the beat and the baselines are quite simple for dancing. Lately we've been working with rappers that we've had a chance to meet on our travels. We began **Very Mercenary** in September and it was completed by February. The music doesn't really change through the years, it just becomes more accomplished.

Ninja Tune...

We've been with Ninja for probably about 5 years now, being one of their 1st bands. The company was created by Coldcut in England. Ninja gave us the opportunity for our first record (12" The Real Killer / Blowin It) and we've been with them ever since. We've seen them change from a small company to quite a big independent one. In England they're quite big for an independent company.

Train Trax (their studio) and independent ventures...

Train Trax was built along the lines of most bedroom studios, except instead of being in my bedroom its in a Leeds Warehouse. Every year we do it up. 2 years ago when we came back from Canada and the U.S. we had 300kg of records and had to knock down a wall to make one big, big studio with record



shelves. (Independent Label) it's a thought- but I use to be an idler until I was about 23. I got my studio at 22/23. Before that I was just interested in nothing-smoking weed, watching videos, sports. Now I find that it's the classic *there's so little time in the day*. We don't have the energy or the time to think about that at the moment. We're thinking about using the \$ from the publishing income we get to set up our own publishing company to put money out to unsigned talented young musicians and hook them in with us.

Travel...

DJ SPOOKY

By Steve MacIsaac

"The most important element of being a good DJ is keeping an open mind. A lot of people these days don't do much more than scratching "fresh" over and over again, but DJing has got to be much more than that. It's about trying to create a whole different context for how rhythm and beats get formed. That's what I like about extreme turntablists like Mix Master Mike or DJ Craze, they play really wild stuff and they create it from scratch, making new work out of old records."

Keeping his mind open is not a problem for Paul Miller, aka that subliminal kid DJ Spooky; his recorded output includes an ensemble recording of notorious Greek composer Iannis Xenakis' *Kraanerg*, abstract jazz, *musique concrete* soundscapes, and straight-up hip hop. The underlying connection between these diverse points is an attempt to "immerse the listener in an urban environment, not withdraw from it". This desire resulted in the New York City "illbient" scene, where musicians like Spooky, Sub Dub, We, and Byzar replaced the pastoral, rural character of ambient music with gritty, industrial-tinged drones layered on top of dub, hip hop and jungle beats.

Spooky on record is a more composed entity than Spooky live, where Miller spends his loosely structured set switching between sampler, turntables, stand up bass and kalimba. Miller doesn't change what he does based on who's he's playing with -- even though he's currently on tour with Kool Keith, he's not stressing hip hop anymore than he would normally. Instead, he tries to use his music to "feel out the audience, to become a reflection of their mood.. I experiment a lot and try and I always change and create different contexts for the music to go out into. changing and continuously deconstructing and reconstructing different elements of the mix. That's where hip hop has always been a forerunner, DJing has always been and cutting edge situation. I think of my DJ sets as cybernetic jazz, 'cause like free jazz I'm changing my set and changing the material all the time, but still retain certain recognizable motifs. A lot of people hear my style and they think it's crazy, 'cause there's all these different beats coming out of the mix, different rhythms and tempos: structurally it sounds like sonic chaos, which is exactly what I'm trying to invoke."

A common critique of DJ culture has been that watching someone spin turntables or play a sampler lacks the kinetic, visceral energy of traditional live performance, but Miller dismisses such

Favorite Cities: Prague & Montreal
Moscow's the worst.

Victoria's a nice boat ride.

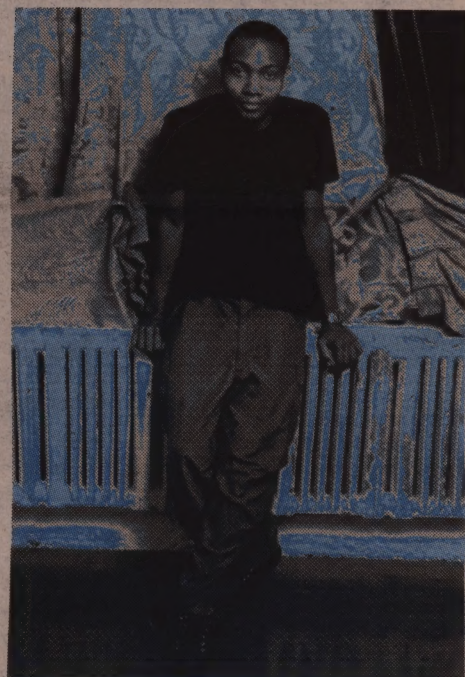
The name The Herbaliser...

A friend and co-producer DJ Malachi is written and featured on all 4 albums. He's very lazy... so- There's a German musician who's name is Peter Herbalzeimer. Malachi use to call him Peter Herbaliser and we thought what a better name for a band! Let's call it The Herbaliser. It's unique and implies other things (heh heh).

The Future.

We don't look. It's like being self employed. We've already come a lot further then we set out to do. We didn't expect to get a good band of that caliber to go to all the places that we have gone in the world. It doesn't really help thinking about or worrying about the future. Like any job that's self employed- you just don't know what's coming around the corner. It's beyond our control how well we do now. It's up to record companies, journalists and the public really.

Check out the Herbaliser at Legends on Oct. 4 as part of the Back To School Beatz Showcase. Fresh.



criticism as "closed minded". People are really trained to expect conventional performance, someone jumping around with a microphone or with a guitar or something, and that's cool, but you gotta be open to different things, and in the 21st century its not going to be a normal band format all the time. There's going to be a lot of different approaches to music, and this is just one amongst many."

A for what he does see as the future of DJ performance, Spooky is excited about the possibilities that new video sampling technology opens up, although his current tour is multi-media free simply because "I haven't had a moment to breath. I'm going to get a visual show together based on DVD discs, and deal with it from there when I get back after touring. On my first tours I went out with EBN, and they did the visuals - they make software that lets you samples images and play with them as fluidly as if they were turntables, so we would do this collaboration each night, where they would come up with images and remix them live while I did turntable stuff. It was an incredibly rich show visually. Right now I'm doing the one man band routine, and I regret that I haven't had a chance to deal with the visual side of it, but I will soon. I just got a G3, and you can run all these weird QuickTime movies by projecting right off the hard drive. I like the direction Ninja Tune is taking with Coldcut, they've essentially been doing these kind of visual DJ shows. I'd like to see DJs do that more often."

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Nobody Likes Me: Steve Albini of SHELLAC

By Keith Preston

*Gee—a composition of some kind on the band Shellac, from Chicago. It was something I'd put off writing until the day before the big Offbeat deadline. Nearly a month of pure, almost mind-blowing thinking went into how to structure this composition. I would have thought about it for another month, but I'd already wasted hours of that final evening hanging around in the kitchen—drinking beer and listening to my friend Rob discussing several topics in detail. He and Steve Albini are similar speakers. Almost no prompting is required on the part of the listener, and each topic is addressed with a combination of confidence and wordiness. As an interviewer, you are left feeling like you actually made some kind of valid contribution to an intelligent conversation—in spite of the fact that you had to say less than fifty words in an hour. This realization, coupled with the late hour and my perpetual lack of motivation, has inspired me not to write this composition. Instead, almost every word following this will be straight from the mouth of Steve Albini: a wordy man, a kind, friendly man with a bad reputation, a producer of bands (he produced P.J. Harvey's *Rid Of Me*, Dirty Three's *Ocean Songs*, Nirvana's *In Utero* and the front-man of Shellac.*

What Steve Albini Does Every Day.

Every day, my day job is to run a recording studio. I's say 70% of my energy in any given day is recording music as an engineer. 25% is managerial and organizational responsibilities with respect to running the studio. 5% of it is girlfriend maintenance and emptying the cat box and that sort of stuff. I try to schedule my work so that I'm working every single day. Partly because I enjoy it, and partly because the expense of operating a studio that is as involved as ours is, is really, really high...I can either squeeze the money out of the existing clientele, which probably wouldn't work because most people are at the end of their tether at all times anyway, or I can work more. I choose to work more. There are months where I'm working every single day on as many as 8 or 10 different records...over the course of the month...That's when I feel the most productive, and that's when I really feel on top of things.

On Working With Smaller Bands Over Larger Bands

Most of what I do, I'm doing for people who are on a very small

scale in terms of recognition and finance and everything. But I have to say that if I had to weigh the two ends of the spectrum—which end of the spectrum I get the most satisfaction out of, I definitely get more satisfaction from working with young bands just starting out...There's so much more purity in the process with someone excited about a band, excited about playing their own music, not jaded by the process, not distracted by any exterior considerations—where they just want to make a good record.

On Music Today

Chicago is overrun at the moment with improvised music. It's tasteless, directionless, egotistical bashing that happens constantly—it's on a nightly basis in Chicago. It's people who don't really have

"Chicago is overrun at the moment with improvised music. It's people who don't really have any reason to play, who can't stand the idea that they're not musicians. So they play. It's irritating."

any reason to play—who can't stand the idea that they're not musicians—so they play. It's irritating. Conceptually, free music—what a great fucking idea—any note is fair game; any sound is fair game; anything is fair game, what a great idea, right? How come every time I see it, it sounds the same. How come they play that same fucking song every fucking night? That's why I just can't stand it. That said—what we do on stage—we're playing songs that we know. We know how they go, but if you were to measure out the proportions of every song—how long they were, how fast they were, those things are all pretty formless. It's a rare song or a rare part of a song of ours where there are a predetermined number of patterns of phrases. The lyrics are the easiest thing to goof off on because you can basically say anything, really. So we roll the dice on the lyrics pretty much every night. On a grand scale, improvisation is the very core of what we're doing. It's reading the moment, reading the temperature of what we're doing and pursuing it. But on a micro-scale, I know what I'm going to be playing as I'm playing it. I'm not fucking around, you know. I'm sure that's true of Bob and Todd as well. It may be a decision I've reached only seconds before, but I'm not just fucking around.

On People Assuming He's As Asshole

If somebody asks you a stupid fucking question, and you pin them on the fact that it's a stupid fucking question, they're not going to write in their article: "I asked a stupid fucking question and Steve Albini pointed it out." They'll say something about how nasty I am with regard to a certain topic. When somebody starts asking me about how I like living in Seattle, when in fact I grew up in Montana and I live in Chicago, I unload on the guy for making a presumption and wanting me to respond to something that is patently untrue. He would use that as an excuse to get in whatever colorful quotes he gets from that moment. If you found the most pungent 30 seconds of what we've talked about in the last half an hour and framed that in a way that made me sound like I had a real chip on my shoulder, then I would come across as an asshole. And I can't blame anyone for thinking that I am an asshole if what they're reading are these spicy distillations of a conversation. I can't blame anybody. But I know what I'm like. I couldn't stay in business if I was as mean as everybody says I am. Nobody buys bad tasting ice cream.

On Shellfish

I think that seafood, like shellfish and that sort of stuff, are bugs. I don't eat them because I don't like them and I don't like the way they taste and they make me kind of sick. But the fact that they're bugs I don't think is the issue. I would try bugs at least.

On Punk

I don't think most rock musicians are bright enough to form intelligent political theories. I don't mind listening to what anybody has to say on any particular topic, but for an audience to give any credence whatsoever to a political opinion as espoused in a rock and roll song demeans politics in my opinion. Most hardcore bands are voicing an undifferentiated rage. And they choose different topics to which they can attach that undifferentiated rage. And some of them have political implications, but I don't think that the "core of the being" of the punk rocker is politics. The "core of the being" of the punk rocker is aggression and adrenalin and enthusiasm. And that can be attached to any subject matter whatsoever. And that's why politics are appropriate—because there are so many things to get inflamed about—so shouting seems to make some sort of sense. It's also quite true that there may well be some people out there who are political beings and their forum for their politics instead of being dinner table discussion or newspaper journalism or whatever, is punk rock. That's possible. I've played this game before and I've been around punk rockers for 20 years and I haven't seen that much evidence of it. Music is music. That doesn't mean that it's trivial. It's not trivial at all. It can express the purest and the most closely held beliefs and ideas that a man can have. It's certainly the most liberating thing in my life.

JIMMY CLIFF: ACTING vs. MUSIC

By DANE ROBERTS

Jimmy Cliff sits on a couch at the back of his massive touring bus, exhausted. The Victoria Curling Club has just been turned into sacred ground, as Jimmy Cliff and his Oneness Band made a rare stop in Victoria, the first in six years since his '93 appearance. Besides being tired from his high-energy performance, the 51-year old Cliff attempted to satisfy the hordes of people of all different races and ages who rushed to the bus to congratulate him and get autographs. In the midst of all the confusion, Cliff briefly spoke about how he developed his voice and stage presence before the ska days of the late 1950s and early 60s and before he became truly noticed.

Acting gigs in school and choir singing gigs in church sent him on his way to performance. "My parents were Christians, so I sang in church. I also did acting in school that combined singing and acting," says Cliff.

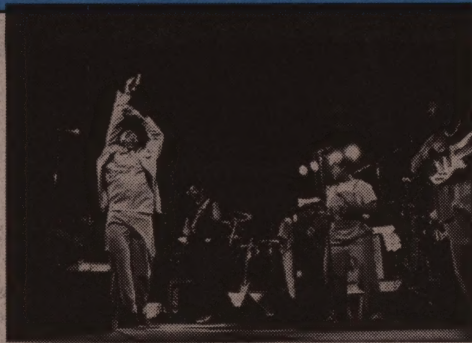
Cliff prefers acting to singing, which is surprising considering how powerful his music comes across. This is not to say that he would have stopped making positive-power reggae if he was able to act more; however, the enormous amount of money, man-power and knowledge of filmmaking needed to make movies may have been what deterred him from becoming a full-blown actor (and perhaps because of the time period of the 1960s, and his own racial background). Cliff has acted in a few films. Besides his star performances in *The Harder They Come* and *Bongo Man*, he has also performed in *Club Paradise* and *Marked For Death*.

"It's not as easy to make movies as it is to write songs and have it recorded, which is why I pursued becoming a musician more," explains Cliff, who is in the midst of production for a new film. "It's more or less a sequel to *The Harder They Come*. We'll probably start shooting next year sometime, so it'll probably come out in 2000 at this time next year."

While acting seems to be moving to the forefront of Cliff's career, that still didn't stop the legend from amazing an audience of over one thousand people at his Victoria performance.

Opening for Jimmy Cliff that evening was the legendary Clinton Fearon and Boogie Brown Band, who had opened for the Wailers in February. The songs they performed were mostly from his two latest CDs: *Mystic Whisper* and *What A System*. The music lured the large crowd towards the stage, even those who were mingling in the beer garden. As usual, Fearon displayed his love for using various percussion instruments. In one song, while his Boogie Brown Band broke down into a few minutes of dub, Fearon played with two or more of them that also included using his trademark rubber ducky that he squeezed into the microphone in time with the music.

After Clinton Fearon's performance, the anticipation began to



rise as the time ticked towards the moment when Jimmy Cliff would come onto the stage. Although the legend of Jimmy Cliff was alive and well through rumours and talk, it was going to take a live, flesh view of the great one to confirm the rumours and fulfill the prophecies of the posters and news stories that led up to the sacred moment.

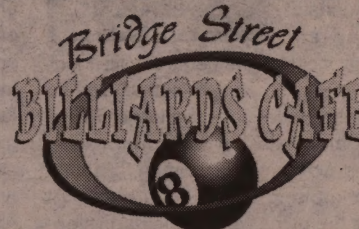
Finally Jimmy Cliff and his Oneness Band came onto the stage to the welcoming screams and shrieks of appreciation from the crowd.

Just like the music Cliff has sung for over thirty years, his songs used other musical influences but most of them still had a reggae feel. The musical influences were cleverly blended in with his encores. In the first set, he sang some songs that used ska, soul and R&B influences, which included "Keep The Family Humanitarian" off his latest CD called *Humanitarian*. He also threw in some classics that included "The Harder They Come," "Vineyard" and "Many Rivers To Cross," which spiritually hit the lower abdominal of many. After the first encore, he sang some slow songs that showcased his amazing vocal range. It also got the crowd singing with their hands in the air accompanied by lighters swaying from side to side. As well, Cliff tossed in a Brazilian Samba Beat song called "Samba Reggae," which charmed the crowd into some Latin dancing styles. Following his second and final encore he rounded out the night with an all roots Jamaican set, some of which were off *Humanitarian*.

It is fitting he ended the show this way, since he decided to record *Humanitarian* in Jamaica. After all, it was Somerton, Jamaica where Mr. James Chambers developed into the Jimmy Cliff of today, giving us three decades of socially-conscious, motivating reggae music.

Photo by Chris Taylor

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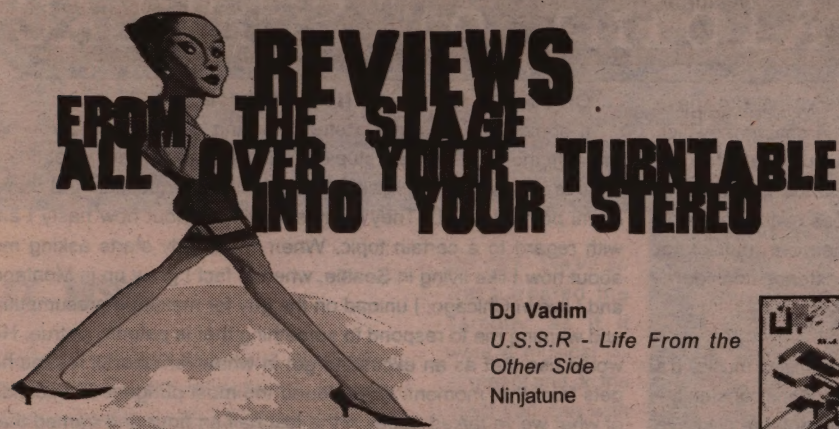
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Various Artists
Soundbombing II
Rawkus Records

Over the past couple of years, Rawkus has been on of hip-hop's most respected independent labels. With a list of talented M.C.s that include Mos Def, Talib Kweli, Pharoahe Monch (of Organized Konfusion) and the group Company Flow, Soundbombing is a showcase of that talent. Mixed by J-Rocc and Babu of the world famous Beat Junkies, the blend of underground groups and more public M.C.s like Common, Sadat X and the Cocoa Brovaz make this a worthy compilation. Eminem represents his underground roots with "Any Man" where he spits his usual no-nonsense lyrics. The album is full of talented lyricists who flow with complex rhymes and metaphors. Check out Pharoahe Monch and Company Flow' tracks for evidence of this. You may have already heard the mellow-based joint by Common and Sadat X—"1-9-9-9" which has been blowing up recently and is one of the catchiest tracks on the album. Songs like "B-Boy Document 99," which is a re-working of an older single by the High & Mighty, features Mos Def and Mad Skillz. The West Coast gets their moments with the cut "Soundbombing," by underground favorites Dilated Peoples featuring Tash. Underground hip-hop is sometimes dismissed as being inaccessible or having limited appeal, but with labels such as Rawkus producing compilations such as this, it goes to show that the underground is where the future of hip-hop lies.

Chris Taylor

Fuck
Conduct
Matador

Conduct, the fourth LP by the American bi-coastal band Fuck is an engrossing album that includes elements of folk, country, pop and garage rock. Fuck's sound closely approximates a less lyrical combination of Pavement and Arab Strap. While one is not blown away by the noises and words on this album, a subtle timidity makes for growing simple beauty that will be recognized by the owner after repeated listening. Almost tender at times, yet disconcertingly abrasive at other points, *Conduct* is both a mixed bag and a very good purchase.

Alex Licker



DJ Vadim
U.S.S.R - Life From the Other Side
Ninjatune

Russian-born DJ Vadim is probably the "purest" hip-hop artist on the Ninjatune label. His music is composed of tactile, heavy beats; depth-charge bass and crisp, hard snares. The grooves are locked and he hardly bothers with melody, but he avoids monotony by rejecting loops; instead he crafts each rhythmic element individually to give his beats a detailed, intricate depth beneath their monolithic surface. On this latest CD Vadim adds some MCs to his beats and when they're as good as politico El-P and BMS from Company Flow, or Vancouver's own Swollen Members it works well, but most of the British MCs fail to impress. But even when the MCs aren't up to snuff, or whenever the jokey sample interludes seem to clash with the ominous vocal tracks, the beats are never less than great and the limey turntable crew the Scratch Perverts contribute some nice scratch workouts. My favorite cut is "Your Revolution" with Sarah Jones on the mic where, over a very bass-heavy pulse, she slams all the bullshit, misogynist gangsta-wannabes in the "industry"—including a particularly sharp jab at Foxy Brown. Any DJs should also keep their heads up for the limited 2000 copies of the instrumental version of this record—the bass is beautiful.

Randy Gelling



The Pietasters
Awesome Mix Tape #6
Hellcat/Epitaph

"Set aside a special time each day during which you devote your time to this precious record" is the not-so-subtle plug featured in the intro of The Pietaster's newest release. If you love ska that is just what you will do. *Awesome Mix Tape #6* is a steamy ska smorgasboard featuring laid-back reggae ska, toe-tapping ska with horns and rounded off with a smattering of punked-up ska; the perfect accompaniment to whatever mood or situation you happen to be in. Stephen Jackson delivers the main vocals, which are very strong and often very "Bosstones-esque." In fact, the whole ambiance of the band has a very Bosstones feel; the ska is neither brilliant or revolutionary, but certainly easy on the ears. The lyrics encompass girls, drinking, relationships, heartbreak and, while not particularly thought-provoking, the songs are fun to sing along to. I was not taken with this release at first, but the catchy melodies and simple lyrics really do grow on you. So if you feel you need a daily dose of not-too-hardcore ska, this album will certainly give you your fix.

Danielle Prokop

Tricky with DJ Muggs and Grease
Juxtapose
Universal/Island

Tricky frightens me sometimes. If I come home late at night and I'm going to bed and I press play on my stereo and Tricky is playing, sometimes I get scared and I flick off the light really fast and jump into bed like lightning. Sex-drenched, haunting, cerebral lyrics, thumping music with slow, dark beats: these are the elements I have come to expect from Tricky. Although, *Juxtapose* doesn't fulfill these element like his other releases. The tracks I enjoyed were the melodic first track, "For Real" and "Wash My Soul," a droning, brooding attempt at redemption. Still, *Maxinquaye* or *Angels With Dirty Faces* are better choices for an introduction to Tricky.

Lyndsay S



Various Artists
Unknown Werks Volume One
Astralwerks

The curse of widespread recognition and respect for your talent is that you are either pompously obliged to further push the limits of your artistic license into the realm of incomprehensible drive, or forced to further refine and reconceptualize (thereby sucking the life from) the original accepted product. It also affords you with the money and reputation to be shit. Such is the fate of British electronica. American electronica on the other hand has perennially been the laughing stock of the technical music world. While *Unknown Werks Volume One*, a collection of American indielectronica, has its fair share of electronic refuse, it is not Spartan on the breaks and beats and brings a badly needed lusty nature back to the genre. Though not particularly complex or innovative, the overused breaks, blaxploitation samples and cheezy synths of these 12 lesser-known electronic artists adds a lately forgotten DIY innocence to the music. *Unknown Werks Volume One* will likely find itself a place between the Chemical Brothers and Fatboy Slim CD's of the less demanding and complicated listener.

Alex Licker

Miss Murgatroid & Petra Haden
Bella Neurox
Win Records

For anyone interested in folk, classical, or instrumental music, *Bella Neurox* may be exactly what you've been searching for. This album is a combination of ear pleasing whimsical, solemn and harmonious instrumentals, with just a touch of spell-binding vocals. This pushes each song from powerful to mesmerizing. Petra Hayden (violin, piano, mandolin, vocals) and Miss Murgatroid aka Alica J Rose (accordion, vocals) add sudden bursts of musical climaxes to create a story-like feel, allowing each song to fit a piece of the puzzle. Everyone who hears this album will notice its raw beauty and alluring trance. For those who are into folk, classical, electronic (check out track #9, "Hour Glass") or those willing to experiment with new musical horizons, this could be your opportunity to explore.

Lindsay Cooper



Whoridas
High Times
Delicious Vinyl

If there ever was an example of a sophomore slump, the Whoridas' *High Times* would be at the top of the list. When the Whoridas released their first album, *Whoridan*, the beats were fresh, the hooks were catchy and the lyrics were comical. Even the most hardest of east coast hip hop fans would have enjoyed the Whoridas debut album, coming from the Bay Area. Unfortunately, *High Times* does not live up to the standards that the Whoridas set on their debut LP. The production is weak, the hooks are lame, and the lyrics are unoriginal. With only about four songs worth hearing through the whole way (and even those kinda suck), *High Times* can only be described as worthless trash.

AREMS

Gang Starr
Full Clip: A Decade Of Gang Starr
Noo Trybe/Virgin

Rap music career. This oxymoron is a monster which lurks in the rap game, and Gang Starr is living proof that groups can actually survive. That it is possible to go ten years and still continue to grow and develop. Full Clip is a decade of classic hip-hop, which will introduce you or make you reminisce on one of NY's finest groups. Guru and DJ Premier, hip-hops more predominant messengers of positivity, shine with their new songs—"Full Clip," "All That Ca\$h" and especially "Discipline." Along with classic songs like "Take It Personal," "Ex-Girl To The Next Girl" and "DWYCK" accompanying re-mixes and B-sides, Full Clip will not make you quick to bore. Lots of worthy cameos on this album including Inspectah Deck, Nice and Smooth, Jeru the Damaja, Rakin, M.O.P., Scarface, Kurupt, Big Shug and Freddie Foxxx. Throughout the collection's 34 songs, Premier never fails to keep the jazz loops lively yet mellow. And Guru's monotone vocals manage to be robust without ever rising above a conversational volume level. Full Clip demonstrates that the group started out at the top of their game with their latest 1989 debut and has remained there ever since.

Chris Taylor

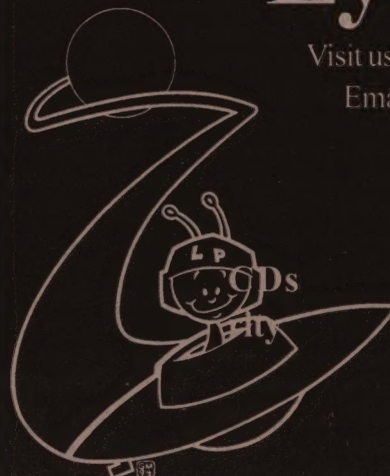


Catie Curtis
A Crash Course in Roses
Rykodisc

This latest outing is a good, solid collection of acoustic folk/pop songs. Her mature, introspective lyrics have garnered praise over the course of several albums, and *A Crash Course in Roses* provides an excellent example of her talent. As the title suggests, this album deals with the process of restoring a relationship to full working order after it has endured much strain and difficulty. Thematic connections run rampant through these songs, exemplifying the care Curtis has taken in her writing. A central metaphor seems to define love as a rapidly speeding vehicle (a car in "Magnolia Street," a train in "I'll Cover You") leading its passengers into confusion and self-doubt. The blind nature of the journey is nicely described in "100 Miles": "My mind is racing and my feet are moving slow / I look all around me don't see anything I know... am I 100 miles ahead or 100 miles behind?" This vehicular imagery adds another dimension to the title

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of the album as well; when the relationship 'crashes,' the impact is severe. Despite this, the album maintains a positive tone; by using each other for guidance and healing, it is possible for the lovers to pick up the pieces and rebuild. "Start Again," the final track, suggests this rebirth: "And as you travel through / I am walking too, I am moved by you / To leave this place where I can't turn / I can't even breathe / And start again." There is still movement, but now she understands, and has control over it.

Although Curtis may be breaking no new ground here musically or thematically, the honesty and lack of pretension in her lyrics make *A Crash Course in Roses* a refreshing diversion.

Paul G

BowsBlush
Too Pure

Fans of the now-defunct Long Fin Killie will not be disappointed by this gorgeous new release from Killie main-man Luke Sutherland. Sutherland's subtle wordplay, exotic melodies, diverse instrumentation and tremulous swooping tenor all remain intact, as does the drum & bass fixation that showed its head on Killie's swan-song *Amelia*. But the beats are a start point, not an end point; layers of violin, keyboard and saxophone mute the rather frenetic rhythms, turning them into just one of many textures in a lush, carefully orchestrated mix. Wrap it up in an exquisite, semi-opaque booklet and you have something that hasn't left my CD player in two weeks. And not just because I'm too lazy to get up and load the changer.

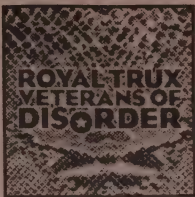
Steve MacIsaac

RahzelMake The Music 2000
MCA

What happens when the sound affects man from The Police Academy gets drunk and "does it" with a turntable? Well, you get Rahzel. For those who don't know, he is a member of critically acclaimed band The Roots. His particular talent is beat boxing, which is often called the fifth element of hip-hop. But he doesn't just produce beats, he is in fact a one-man band. On *Make The Music 2000*, live interludes just barely give you an idea of his talent. The album's tracks consist of crazy sound effects and sampling courtesy of the man himself, and boasts a star-studded lineup of producers, singers and rappers. "All I Know," a catchy Pete Rock-produced single, definitely moves you, while everyone's favorite rapper Q-Tip is featured on "To The Beat." Fellow Roots crew member Black Thought and Slick Rick also display their talent on the album. But the collaborations with other artists such as Erykah Badu, Me'Shell N'Degeocello and Branford Marsalis is what makes this album succeed where others fail. With all due respect, most new mainstream hip-hop bores the fuck out of me and I go back to listen to my '93 *Infinity* album by Souls Of Mischief. But Rahzel's style and innovative touch somehow restores my faith that it is possible to go to A&B Sound to buy CDs...sometimes. If you don't believe me check out the hidden track at the end of the album.

Chris Taylor

Royal Trux
Veterans of Disorder
Drag City



Jennifer Herrema and Neil Hagerty's latest CD establishes their return to form since leaving their major-label deal with Virgin. *Veterans*... like their last full-length *Accelerator*, focuses on short, catchy but noisy and vaguely 70ish rock, but has a more stripped down, woodshed feel as opposed to *Accelerator*'s wall-of-sound, studio feel. The short tracks are gems but the longer songs like "Coming Out Party" give fuller reign to Hagerty's strange, scrawny and misshapen guitar solos that seem to fold back into themselves, as well as Herrema's amazing howls and grunts. It's rock music that reminds you why you love the stuff, like a more respectable or "hip" AC/DC, Zeppelin, Sabbath. If all was right in the world teenagers would drop 'ludes and go see this in arenas, not drop whatever shit they drop now and see Limp "I'm a bad white mutha" Bizkit (and hell, even that's better than Kid Rock).

Randy Gelling

88 Fingers Louie
Kid Dynamite
Sub City Records

Sure, its good to be stick to your game. Sure it's good to buy the same chicken burger that you ate for breakfast and lunch... for dinner. But is it good to sound like a bunch of parrots in a cardboard box on your fifth album. The 88 fingered fellas have taken the trip to the seven-eleven on rollerblades, just like thrasher magazine. Kid Dynamite is 88's fifth album. They've come along through the Fat Wreckords and Hopeless Records ranks to graduate into the same old southern Cal, lets wine about girls, skate-punk. Yet they are actually from the midwest. Whats going on here? Okay- they refined their tightness, kept sincere energy, and keep the songs under their heat lamp, like stale parrot burgers at 7-11.

Fat Tony

I Am Spoonbender
Sender/Receiver
Mint



They are of the skinny ties and mod hair variety. They are I Am Spoonbender. They are actually quite good, despite what my mean little mind assumes. This is their first album ever, and they are not your usual Mint Records variety of pop rocks but in fact a synthesized sonic avant rock sandwich. You bite into it and you taste silver cavity fillings and Nutella. They sound German, ya know? Like they all wear them black turtle necks and can't talk. Lessee, I can always judge albums by forms of danceability. Does it make me wanna thrash around by myself? Does it make me wanna slow dance in an aching way with anybody I can find? Does it make me wanna stare at a red wall while my nerves are bubbling quietly? With I Am Spoonbender, it is all of these things. Each song links to the next, like a sonic storybook, yet each song creates its own environment with different sound techniques, whether it be the addition of girl /boy lyrics, warped soundscape or Kraftwerk inspired repetition. I like. I like.

Lyndsay S

Sway & King Tech featuring DJ Revolution
This Or That
Interscope

"ALL THE UGLY PEOPLE BE QUIET!" Hey yo, this album has 30 tracks of move busters, it's stuffed and it's rollin'. The Sway King and Tech dropped not only their own needles but grabbed a stack of other pure hip hop heroes and threw 'em down. Threw 'em with care, progression, and a mind for real sound. Jurassic 5 is here, Cash Money, Canibus, Eric B and Rakim...! You know I'm walk'n across campus, this in the discman, jumpin' off tables, through bushes... its time to bust, not some Rap Hits comp from Zellers, some groove-on, scratch-up-your-senses, tastefully chosen rap. Get it goof.

Fat Tony

Kool Keith
Black Elvis/Lost In Space
Ruffhouse



Players. Haters. Robots. Ladies and gentlemen, Black Elvis/Lost In Space has entered the building. For Mr.Keith Thornton's Ruffhouse debut, he comes off with an outerspace/robot theme which differs from previous albums like Sex Style, Dr.Octagonecologist and Dr.Doom. Still, Keith's sharp electro-chatter and notorious anti-social commentary lets you know that he hasn't lost his touch. Songs on Black Elvis range from headbanging ("I'm Seein' Robots") to new-age funk ("Livin' Astro"). Even some R&B makes it in, like the saavy-flavored "Master Of The Game" and "All The Time." Lyrically, Black Elvis is a little restrained. There isn't much of Keith asking girls to drink his pee or injecting giraffes with penicillin. Instead you'll hear him discuss more everyday topics like office work ("The Girls Don't Like The Job") and wannabes ("Intro"). Sadat X from Brand Nubian lends a hand on "Static," but for the rest of the record's collaborations, the other Mcs can't hold a candle to their host. It's Keith's universe—they're just living in it. Luckily though, we aren't—we just get to visit. I have to admit that Kool Keith is one twisted, messed-up, freaky-assed weirdo. Thank god he makes records.

Chris Taylor

The Evil Tambourines
Library Nation
Sub Pop

Above all else, this Seattle based band deserves credit for attempting a difficult task. Slacker style indie rock mixed with funk driven hip-hop? Hardly a combination that seems compatible at first glance. Yet this duo of Andy Poehlman and Tobias Flowers (with help from their producer Al Larsen) come pretty close to pulling it off. Library Nation is an exercise in genre hopping, an interesting and enjoyable blend of two very different styles of music. Vocal duties are traded back and forth: Larsen's spoken word dialogues are equally interspersed with Flowers' rapping. Decent lyrics, a coherent, spacey sound, and a light, amused tone all add to the consistency of the album de-

spite its obvious disparity. Cuts such as "my dream girl puts on her shoes" blend cosmic effects in with the funk and horns as smoothly as the title track does with Larsen's mock-serious ranting ("this isn't a new stadium, it's a public facility/there are no box seats in the Library"). While "Pathways" showcases further quality lines ("beauty comes in many forms / a broken branch a knock at the door,") "On Mars and Venus" features more of the band's subtle humour. The song title itself continues the space theme, but it's also an allusion to a certain popular book that claims to demystify romantic life. Flowers admits that it's next to impossible to properly understand the workings of a relationship: "signs were subtle, I was blinded by the nuptials / thought she was the one who would be troubles." There are a few missteps on the record, however, primarily from trying to do too much. Some of the more party-oriented rap tracks don't have the same depth of writing and feel at odds with the tone of the rest of the album. Overall, it is recommended for those wanting something slightly eclectic that will blur a few boundaries.

Paul G

At The Drive In
Vaya
Fearless Records



The second LP from this EL Paso post-punk band takes Fugazi-like vocal stylings and combines them with a softer, more flowing sonic backdrop. The problem with this album is it borrows perhaps a little too much from Fugazi. Like the post punk godfathers, At The Drive In often uses two vocalists: one harsh-sounding and the other softer and more melodic. That's not to say I don't like this album; the production is excellent and there's a really great unifying vibe - very urban and almost dreamlike (if that can be said of a post-punk record). My two favourite tracks are the paranoid "Metronome Arthritis" and the breathless "198d". This is pretty good post-punk fare and if you're into the genre this wouldn't be a bad album to pick up.

Chris Milne

Various
Frosh Two
Universal

I LOVE this album. Oh my god. It's soooo good. I get knocked down, I get up again! WooHOO let's get fucked up! WOOOHOO peach coolers XXX quarters i wanna get i wanna get laid tonite. I'm gonna show you my titttss! This album is so perfect for first year rez students like myself. I love to play this really loud and like, sometimes the R.A. has to come by and ask me to turn it down—but then he's boogying away with me to Ashley MacIsaac! I love the new Celtic sound that's becoming so popular right now, luckily Frosh Two picked up on the trend. There's also eighties tunes, that Sloan song from the beer commercial CHUG CHUG! and Dancing Queen by ABBA too! GET THIS ALBUM IF YOU WANT TO BE COOL. GET THIS!! I WILL LOVE YOU IF YOU GET THIS!

Becky Logan, West Vancouver BC

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&
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The Excluded Wife
Yuen-Fong Woon
McGill-Queen's University Press

Many academic historians distrust popular history let alone historical fiction. Maybe they suspect that a lack of footnotes reflects a lack of research. Maybe they feel that a lively engaging style conceals a cavalier disregard for accuracy or an entertainer's reluctance to let facts get in the way of the story.

In any event, it was a matter of some astonishment to discover a historian from academia who had chosen to shape her years of research into not just a readable, footnote free account, but...wait for it...a NOVEL. However, Dr. Yuen-Fong Woon of UVIC's Dept. of Pacific Studies has done just that, winning plaudits from the university world and providing general readers with a fascinating glimpse into a little known area of social history. Sau-Ping, the heroine of this novel, may well be a construct based on the lives of many Chinese women, but she immediately emerges as unique individual, capturing the reader's concern and sympathy.

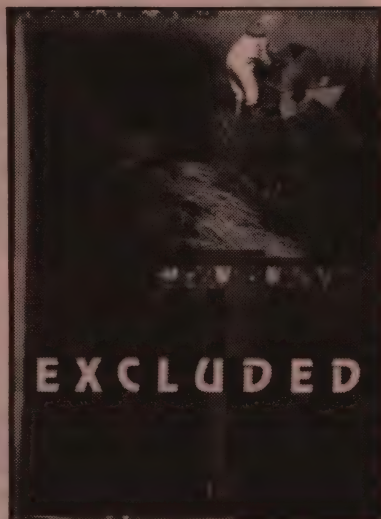
The novel I am talking about is *The Excluded Wife*. Its title refers to The Act of Exclusion, a blatantly racist Act passed by the Federal Government in 1923 with little debate and unseemly haste. The government was responding to pressure from white residents of British Columbia, alarmed that the influx of Chinese immigrants had not been stopped or stemmed even by constant increases in the Head Tax over the previous 40 years. Since 1903 this Head tax had been an exorbitant \$500 - the equivalent of 2 years labour. But still some were able to scrimp and save this amount to bring out a wife or son.

The new act put an end to that for it prohibited the entry of all Chinese into Canada with the exception of diplomats, children born in Canada, university students and merchants. With the stroke of a pen, it sealed the fate of hundreds of women living in small villages in southern China, now with no hope of ever joining their husbands who had come to Canada as sojourners or immigrants. The Act remained in effect for nearly 25 years, and its repeal in 1947 was accompanied with special regulations limiting which wives and which children could immigrate.

Most Canadians do not like to be considered racist or to be reminded of racist policies of past governments, so this bit of history is not a significant feature of the national consciousness. Even less is known about the lives of the women left behind in China, burdened with the double domestic chores of farming and child-rearing. It is their story that Professor Woon tells in *The Excluded Wife*.

In the preface to the novel, Dr. Woon discusses the two themes running through the story. One deals with how greatly Chinese families and the Chinese community in Canada have been affected by external forces such as the international status of China, as well as by events and politics within both China and Canada. And these forces and events are reflected dramatically in the fortunes of Sai-Ping. Her arranged marriage in 1933 seems auspicious - her husband is kind and gentle - but their life is interrupted by a bandit raid and the loss of all their money forces her new husband to return to Canada where he works with his father in a small restaurant. Sai-Ping must move in with her mother-in-law, herself a grass widow and await the arrival of her child. She endures the famines and disruptions of war, is forced to adopt a boy and give him preference when her own child turns out to be a girl. After the Communists come to power, she faces the loss of family property and the public humiliation of her brother-in-law. During the Korean War, she can no longer receive money from Canada, and eventually with her daughter and adopted son undertakes a hazardous flight to Hong Kong. Even when she finally sets sail for Vancouver, she must leave behind her beloved daughter (I won't even attempt here to go into the complexities of that scenario), get used to a man she hasn't seen for 20 years, bear two more children and join in the drudgery of running a restaurant.

The first two sections of the novel are such an endless catalogue of disaster and suffering that I wanted to cry out, "hold enough." Although I intensely admired Sai-Ping's uncomplaining endurance, I welcomed her occasional expressions of pain and grief and was grateful when her rebellious friend Mei-Kuen gave vent to more vociferous expressions of resentment and a determination to change things.



The second theme that Dr. Woon develops-continuity versus change in the position of Chinese women-is quite central to the last section of the novel. Here the events are perhaps not quite so dramatic - although the family goes through a time of intense anxiety when it is feared they will lose the restaurant thanks to the treachery of a nephew. The focus is more on inter-generational conflicts as the younger members adopt western attitudes and values. But the novel ends with a sense of hope that understanding is possible. Sai-Ping and her younger Canadian born daughter Pauline have returned for a visit to China and Pauline is dismayed to discover that villagers are still eager to find for their daughters, a Chinese husband in Canada - any man no matter how old-. In a final scene of wonderful simplicity, she demands of her mother:

"Don't Ah Ying and other young women feel resentful that a member of the senior generation is openly arranging a blind marriage for them at the tender age of fifteen? How do they feel when they are being used as a means of obtaining remittances for their parents and their brothers? How do they feel when they are used as a bridge to get the male members of their household to [Canada]? Can you imagine putting yourself in Ah Ying's shoes, Mom?"

"Yes," said Sau-Ping.

Jacquie Hunt

Tune in to the Booklet on Tuesdays at 8:00 pm on CFUV for more of Jacquie's reviews.

Stray Bullets #20

David Lapham
Fantagraphics

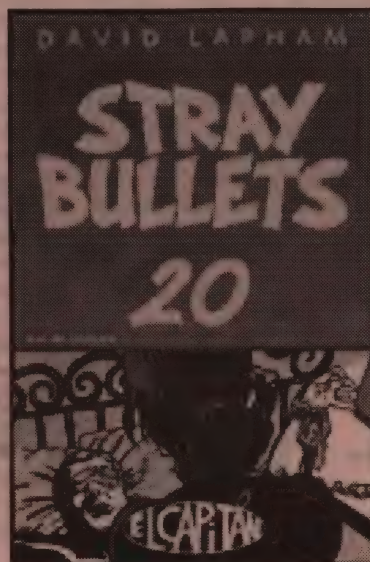
For me, getting the new *Stray Bullets* is like opening your stocking on Christmas morning. It invokes feelings of anticipation and curiosity-sometimes you're let down by what's inside, sometimes you're not.

Stray Bullets #20, gives us an inside look at the seedy side of a married professor's affair with one of his students, and the moral dilemma he faces as he tries to break away from her. The chaos that transpires later is a whirlwind of brutality and gunfire that is exciting, if not a bit confusing. However, this comic always requires a second or third read.

Initially, the story seems lacking in comparison to some of David Lapham's earlier editions. However, after close inspection, one realizes that the character of Monster is linked to previous issues. These stories are connected, and it is up to the reader to put together the puzzle.

As usual, Lapham is brilliant at developing the emotional and mental states of his characters through their thoughts and actions. Once you get past the glamour of nonstop action and blunt violence you see the real stories here are of ordinary people who have become lost and troubled along the way.

Nicole Trask



Fidele Castree

Citron Limette #1
Hula Hoop

It's probably the geekiest way but when I read comics I always imagine what the people who make them must be like. What they look like, their favorite food, if they are nerdy or not. When I picked up *Citron Limette*, a small purple, orange and green comic by Fidele Castree I wondered this a lot. The comic is filled with these wild-haired, wide-eyed floaty kids that are kind of Julie Doucet-like, and it's full of stories about sticking chopsticks in people's eyes and letting your cat eat tuna fish from your private bits. It's in French, there's a puzzle inside too and I thought "wow" I wonder what Fidele Castree is doing right now. So anyways this French girl with wild pink hair and no socks or shoes moves in across the street and stands on her balcony railing doing impressions of Edith Piaf. And it all seems so strange because this is Fidele Castree and she's like a crazier, alive version of her characters. Get a copy of *Citron Limette* at Ditch Records, or by emailing chatonmort@hotmail.com.

Jen McNeely

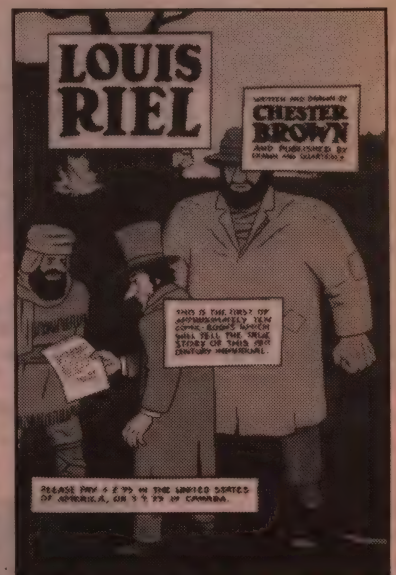


Louis Riel #1
Chester Brown
Drawn And Quarterly

Canadian Chester Brown has always been one of the most adventurous comic writers and drawers in the world: his *Underwater* series of an alien world is truly strange and oblique and *I Never Liked You* and *The Playboy* are some of the best, least indulgent autobiographical comic writing you'll ever find. His latest, an ambitious ten-part series on the Canadian/Metis rebel Louis Riel, is even

more challenging than his comic-adaption of the Gospels. It's hard to judge the series based on just one issue but Brown does seem to be in danger of drowning his story in a sea of details. Brown is obviously aware of the difficulties in telling a satisfying story while being completely, factually accurate and so he supplies extensive historical footnotes to let the reader know when something has been altered for dramatic reasons. This refusal to falsify and simplify history is admirable but the average reader is probably better off just digging into the story itself. Just like his other long projects, Brown's understated style achieves its emotional impact through a gradual, cumulative building of mood, story and style. I'd recommend either collecting the entire Riel series then reading it all at one sitting, or waiting until it's released as a novella length soft-cover-in the end, Brown will not disappoint.

Randy Gelling



Send zines, comics, books etc. you'd like reviewed to Printed! c/o Offbeat magazine PO Box 3035 SUB, UVIC, V8W 3P3. Dirty. If U send, We review it. maybe.



David Gogo



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The Extended Dream Of Mr.D
Max
Drawn & Quarterly

In any well-realized comic book mini series, each issue, as an autonomous unit, must be able to stand on the virtue of its own traits, even under the scrutiny of an uninitiated reader. I approached the third and final issue of Max's *The Extended Dream Of Mr D* thus, as a singular experience, like waking in another's body, on any given day, alive without any dubious memory or precedent.

The enigmatic man, on the cover, God-like in vacuous black, heaving house-sized blocks with invisible powers, stands in the wake of a cosmic waterfall. This is the first indication of Max's extreme expressionism, fluid textural style and refreshingly vivid imagination.

Via the vehicle of the unconscious Mr.D, Max intelligently navigates the netherworld, ponders and confronts profound issues, such as the multiplicity of self, the unity of good and evil, justice and persecution.

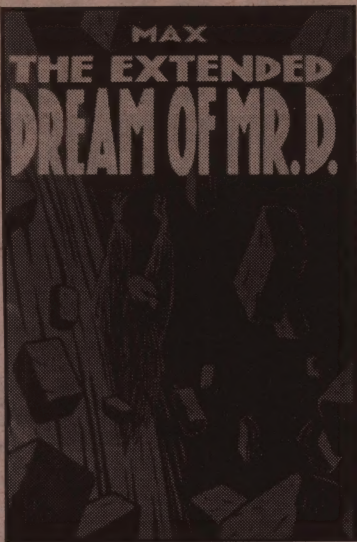
He assaults us with such questions as: Who is the God of God? Who is the creator or reality? Where is Nirvana, purgatory, heaven, hell? How can one achieve harmony?

Max is a lucid thinker, a nobleman and philosopher conducting an articulate soliloquy on the nature of perception and existence. His dynamic illustrations, an assertion of comics as high art, effectively placates the tense balance between metaphysical musings and engrossing action.

Furthermore, because *The Extended Dream Of Mr D* deals primarily with concepts, the poetry of his story suffers minimally in the translation from the Spanish original into English.

In spite of the use of overt symbols, occasional therapy-session-like tone and a Hollywood grade cinematic finish, *The Extended Dream Of Mr D* is a mandatory jewel of prophetic introspective challenges.

Brian Blender



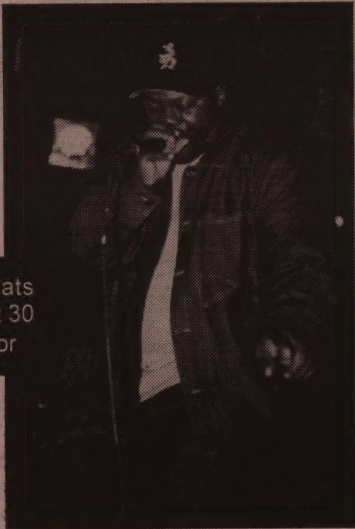
LIVE AND LOUD

Kool Keith/DJ Spooky
Legends
September 20, 1999

My expectations for this show were high, but wary—I wasn't sure if Spooky would be able to pull off his crazy shit live and was looking forward to some loopy freestyle from Kool Keith. Spooky surprised me by really ripping it up live, his scratch skills aren't as good as the Invisible Scratch Piklz or Beat Junkies crews, but his ideas are sharp and the overall sound he produces is interesting. He's definitely cerebral, and his beats aren't as bass-heavy as they could be because his upper frequencies are full of noise but he fits in the tradition of cross-genre noise making in hip-hop: from Afrika Bambaataa to PE. The clean-cut frat boy standing in front of me yelling "Play some real hip-hop!" throughout Spooky's set doesn't know his history. When Kool Keith hit the stage the crowd went apeshit, lots of hands in the air, jumping around and latent homoerotic energy in the air. Keith seemed to downplay the subversive, outsider role he expresses in his best lyrics. He seemed much more from the planet Earth than his real home Mars. No live DJ, the beats were on DAT, and Keith didn't freestyle. It was still a good show but more of a mainstream hip-hop show than I was expecting. There have been times when certain hip-hop shows were like going to church, this was more like a night out at a sweaty club.

Randy Gelling

Rahzel burping beats at The Limit, August 30
photo by Chris Taylor



Queens of the Stone Age
Legends
Tues. Sept. 7, 1999

"Yeah, I remember my first beer too," said the Queen's singer/guitarist Josh Homme to the bunch of plumbers down in front of the stage. And by plumbers I don't mean the guys who come to your house to fix your crapper when you can't. No, I'm talking grade-A losers of the highest order... the kind who show up at the bar totally fired-up and so annihilated they can't even get out of their own way.

Don't get me wrong. I've usually got a good level of tolerance for drunken antics as I tend to get myself into similar shape quite often. But there's a fine line between being loaded and enjoying yourself, and being loaded and making a jackass of yourself.

Queens of the Stone Age fucking ruled. If you missed it, you missed out. They absolutely killed all the material from their CD, and proved concretely that their sound is truly meant to be delivered in a live setting. The recent addition of Dave Catching to the band's lineup has filled out the sound considerably, with Catching playing everything from keyboards to slide guitar. The frequent inundation from the smoke machine, and the experimental video being played on the screen behind the band - which in other settings might come across as complete cheese--only served to further the live experience.

An experience, unfortunately, left tarnished by the aforementioned plumbers whose enjoyment of the show consisted of not only jumping onstage, but smashing into most everyone standing watching the band.

Finally, some unseen incident touched off several violent ejections by the Legends bouncers. These boys stepped up and spared no expense in carrying out their duties with extreme prejudice.

Part of me doesn't like to see anyone being physically worked over like that, but part of me was saying, "later, fuckheads."

photo and text by j. siska



September 1999

The CFUV Chart

TM	LM	Artist	Title	Label
1	1	Guitar Wolf	Jet Generation	Matador
2	-	The Birthday Party	Live 1981-82	4AD
3	10+	The Buttless Chaps	Tumblewire	Lonesome Cowboy
4	5 +	Dixie's Death Pool	Beauty Sleep	Indie
5	-	Belle & Sebastian	Tigermilk	Matador
6	- *	Julie Doiron & The Wooden Stars	S/T	Sappy
7	-	The Music Tapes	1st Imaginary Symphony for Nomad	Merge
8	18*	Oliver Schroer	02: Solo Fiddle	Big Dog
9	RE	Squarepusher	Maximum Priest EP	Warp/Nothing
10	-	High Rise	Live	Squealer
11	19	The Rachel's	Selenography	Touch & Go
12	-	Royal Trux	Veterans of Disorder	Drag City
13	-	Schneider TM	Moist	Mute
14	21	The Beta Band	The Beta Band	Astralwerks
15	-	People Like Us	Hate People Like Us	Soleilmoon
16	- +	The Pricks	The Pricks	Indie
17	- *	Chicklet	Wanderlust	Satellite
18	-	Kool Keith	Black Elvis/Lost In Space	Ruffhouse
19	-	Ocosi	In	Negative Air
20	13	Captain Beefheart	Grow Fins	Revenant
21	16	Autechre	EP7	Warp/Nothing
22	2 *	Dayglo Abortions	Deathrace 2000	God
23	- *	Tar Baby	One Day I'll Marry A Human	Tar Media
24	-	Miss Murgatroid	Through Alien Empires	Japan Overseas
25	-	Shirley Caesar	Her Finest Recordings	Music Club
26	-	DJ Craze	Crazee Musick	Bomb Hip Hop
27	11*	Various	All Points In	Sweet Chin
28	-	Jessica Baliff	Hour Of The Trace	Kranky
29	-	The Aluminum Group	Pedals	Minty Fresh
30	RE	Sundown Pete & Margie Lane	Margie & I & My D45	Ohm/Avatar

Ranking reflects airplay + denotes Victoria artist * denotes Canadian RE denotes a re-entry to the chaft
Geraldine Bulosan takes tracking calls: Mondays & Thursdays 10AM - 12noon PST

Chart Feature



23 this month

Tar Baby
One Day I'll Marry A Human (Tapes In The Loft 1994-1997)
Tarmedia (www.tarmedia.com)

Any instrumental hip-hop album that name checks Beat Factory, James Baldwin and Atom Egoyan isn't likely to respect polite genre conventions and Canadian one-man-crew A. Brathwaite (aka Tar Baby) fulfills this promise in full. *One Day I'll Marry A Human* was largely recorded to 8-track and has a gritty, lo-fi texture not unlike Company Flow's first album, but Tar Baby draws on a even wider range of sound without sacrificing his grounding in hip-hop: spacey interludes, politically-tinged samples, hard beats, drum n'bass, and dub techniques are all equally prevalent. Of course this kind of mixing of genres is popular right now but Tar Baby's tracks are a cut above almost everything else you'll hear this year--further proof that *Canadian* hip-hop isn't a paradox.

Randy

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ToRococoRot • Vandermark 5
Thinking Fellers' Union
Windy & Carl
...and many more

FOLK/WORLDBEAT

Juan Luis Guerra • Oh Susanna
Dave Alvin • Baka Beyond
Vishwa Mohan Bhatt
Toumani Diabate • Tzimmes
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Remote Broadcast 1 - 3pm
Women in Jazz 5pm
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and so much more...

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Jazz Comes Alive During Fundrive '99 at CFUV

Aspiring young lions and seasoned professionals from Victoria's local jazz scene will come together during this year's Fundrive. Everyday, from Thursday, Oct. 21 to Sunday, Oct. 31 CFUV's jazz DJs will be hosting a series of live on-air performances as part of their effort to garner donations from listeners dedicated to keeping jazz, a vital art form, alive

Over the years, CFUV has been the venue for a steady offering of live jazz combos, made easier with the introduction of on-air performance studio. Some jazz DJs like Joe Scarfone, the host of *Guitar Jazz* on Sunday afternoons have worked into their program regular segments devoted to local musicians. Calling his live feature "Joe's Garage", Scarfone has tried to share with listeners the ambiance of a private jam session. Helping to give deserving but unknown guitar players an opportunity to reach a wider audience, he has hopes of making Joe's Garage "the first pit stop on their road to success".

Those ambitions are not so far fetched for an alternative radio station in touch with the local jazz scene. Shaukat Husain, one of CFUV's founding DJs recalls when his co-host of Wednesday evening's *Straight No Chaser*, Demetrios Tsimon did the one of the first interviews with a yet to be discovered vocalist from Nanaimo, Diana Krall. Besides enjoying the excitement of going live, Husain wants listeners to keep in mind that jazz isn't something that happens elsewhere but is always being created in our community.

It's that vulnerable moment of creation that most interests Ron Rounds, the host of Tuesday's *Caravan*, a show specializing in improvisational jazz. For Rounds, only live performance really allows for the freedom of spontaneous expression in all its subtleties, lost once its recorded.

And in preparation for this unprecedented Fundrive special event at CFUV, Brigitte "BJ" Sutherland of Sunday night's *In the Mood* is determined to turn out some the up and coming talent from Victoria's high schools and university. "Some of the most memorable jazz I've heard here has been performed by students such as those attending Esquimalt High and members of the UVic's Big Band," says Sutherland, heartened by this resurgence of jazz amongst a younger generation. Eager to encourage them with possibly their largest audience to date, she also wants to introduce them to CFUV and its sound studio capabilities should they want to produce their own recordings. With this series of live on-air performances, Sutherland counts on listeners donating not only to acknowledge CFUV's commitment to the history of jazz but its responsibility for keeping it alive.

.....CUT and PLEDGE!

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Comments _____

.....CUT and PLEDGE!

.....CUT and PLEDGE!

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PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

WOMEN'S RADIOTHON:
24 Hours of Women's Program
ming Thursday October 21st

Homemaker From Hell
unravels the cure for cancer
Thursdays @ 12:30pm

OLD SHOWS NEW TIMES

BOOKLET goes primetime!
Tuesdays @ 8:00pm

STICKY MESS bounces to
alternating
Tuesdays @ 10:30pm

SYNODIC THEATRE
flips to Fridays @ 12:30am

Eclectic's The Word becomes
JUST ANOTHER RANT
Tuesdays @ 3:00pm

OH! SWEET SEX IN TEXAS
does the gumbo hop
over to Mondays @ 3:00am

SUMMER SLEEPERS

Wednesday's Classical
MUSIC AMONG FRIENDS
returns! 10:00am - noon

GROOVES, JAMS, and BOOGIES
returns!
Wednesdays @ 1:30am

IN PROFILE

THE TOKEN ZONE
Music, views, politics, perspectives, by and about women of color and the people who love them! Upcoming shows include "In Limbo: Between White And A hard Place, Exploring Identity Politics", "Women of Color In Front Of And Behind The Camera", and "Women In Hip-Hop: Commodification and Representation". When she's not hosting The Token Zone or Bubblegum Crisis (alternating Mondays 11pm), Lyndsay Sung can be found in front of the computer editing this here wonderful magazine, or behind the drumkit swingin' those stix in *The Sob Story*. "The role of media in our society has become such that the technology is much more accessible. Radio is a simple and crucial means of communication and a catalyst for ideas as well as an effective medium for sharing knowledge, new and old."

The Token Zone can beheard every Tuesday @ 1:00pm.

	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun	
6				UNCLE BRI'S EARLY AM FUNHOUSE WACKY	INTENTIONALLY LEFT UNTITLED SHOW ROCK			6
7	TBA ROCK	FAST TIMES AT LANSOWE HIGH ROCK	RESISTORS IN PARALLEL ROCK			TEEN BEAT ROCK	WHAT'S LEFT OF WHAT'S REAL OPEN FORMAT	7
8								8
9	UNIVERSAL DONOR WORLD/ROOTS	ODE TO ANI FOLK	ROOTOPIA/ SHARON'S SUNSHINE BREAKFAST FOLK	FOLKIN' AROUND FOLK	COASTAL CEILIDH FOLK	RADIO ARCADIA ROCK	YUGOSLAVIAN	9
10								10
11	MUSIC ON MONDAY CLASSICAL	JUST SAY NANO 20TH CENTURY	MUSIC AMONG FRIENDS CHAMBER MUSIC	MUSIC THROUGH THE CENTURIES CLASSICAL	AMADEUS...& MORE CLASSICAL	SOITELLAAN FINNISH	POLISH	11
12	PROFIT? NOT! PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PERVASIVE ACTUALITIES TAP INTO THE STREETS	STR FRY/A SHOW OF SOLIDARITY PUBLIC AFFAIRS	HOMEMAKER FROM HELL TBA	EARTH FIRST ENVIRONMENTAL	IRISH		12
1	THIS WAY OUT MAKING CONTACT	TOKEN ZONE WOMEN OF COLOUR	ALTERNATIVE RADIO PUBLIC AFFAIRS	GUERRILLA RADIO PUBLIC AFFAIRS	ARTLET ARTS MAGAZINE	THE GREEK HOUR	POSTALES MUSICALES LATIN	1
2								2
3	NEW ALBUM REVIEW NEW MUSIC	MEDITERRANEAN SHOW	CHANT' ELLES FRENCH	FRESH AIR NEW DJ ROTATION	UNRESERVED NATIVE	SOUNDS OF SCOTLAND	GUITAR JAZZ JAZZ	3
4	PLANET APE OPEN FORMAT	JUST ANOTHER RANT OPEN FORMAT	30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO OPEN FORMAT	THE MATRIX/ IN GENERAL STORE ELECTRONICA	PMS SHOW/ THE MANSION PUNK	SKANKSTER'S PARADISE SKA	DISCIPLES OF DR. DEMENTO METAL	4
5		AUDIO VISUALIZATIONS STORYTIME		SURFIN' HI-FI		HILLBILLY HEAVEN COUNTRY		5
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SPOKEN WORD

MULTICULTURAL

ONGOING

A list of weekly events

All-Ages show listings - The Underground
Voice: 370 - PUNX

MONDAYS

Monday Night Stage Fright @ Steamers
Retro Night @ the Limit
Hospitality Night w/ DJ Delicious @ The Strathcona Hotel

TUESDAYS

Live Jazz @ Steamers
Connection (hip hop) @ the Limit
The Bombsite w/ A.T. & The Fission @ The House of Blues
All Request Night w/ DJ Shade @ The Strathcona Hotel
Stand Up Comedy Night @ the Tally-Ho Motor Inn
Participatory Philosophy For the Public @ Mocambo Coffee

WEDNESDAYS

Top 40, House & Retro @ the Planet
Lindy Hop & Swing @ the Jet Lounge
80's Retro Dance w/ DJ Varius @ the House of Blues
Rumours @ The Limit
Frat House & College Rock Party w/ DJ Shade @ The Strathcona Hotel

THURSDAYS

Retro 80's @ the Planet
80's Night @ Vertigo
Top 40's Dance w/ DJ Cookie @ the House of Blues
Windy City Thursdays @ The Icehouse
Pizza & Beats @ The Brickyard
Rejuven8, retro 80's @ The Limit
R&B, Hip-Hop, and Old Skool mixing by DJ Wax, The Boy Scouts, El Famoso, Grande, & The Wett Bar @ The Jet Lounge
Swing Dance Workshop (9pm) @ Millennium
The Smokin' Jackets (10pm) @ Millennium
Open Stage @ the Glenn Lake Inn
80's Beach Night w/ DJ Delicious @ The Strathcona Hotel

FRIDAYS

Blues Jam @ the James Bay Inn
DJ Daffy @ The Strathcona Hotel

SATURDAYS

Blues Jam @ the James Bay Inn
Rumours @ The Limit
Stand Up Comedy Night @ the Tally-Ho Motor Inn
DJ Daffy @ The Strathcona Hotel

SUNDAYS

Coffeehouse @ Norway House

The Gig Guide

what's up this month...

Highlighted Events are CFUV co-presentations

Sat Sept 25

Progressive Techno: DJ K, Braeden, Robin Hood @ Icehouse

Sun Sept 26

The Smalls @ Icehouse

Fri Oct 1

Acoustic Stew @ James Bay Inn
Zimmer's Hole w/ Meatlocker 7 & Thrust @ Icehouse

Sat Oct 2

Lift @ Vertigo

Sun Oct 3

Nathalie MacMaster @ Royal Theatre
Robert McDuffie & Yoon Kwon (violin) with Charles Abramovic (piano) @ the Chan Centre of the Performing Arts, 3pm

Mon Oct 4

Ninja Tune Tour: Herbaliser & Roots Manuva @ Legends

Victoria Gay Pride Society: Annual General Meeting & Planning for Pride 2000 @ the G Spot, 4-5pm

Tues Oct 5

Ben Sures @ George & Dragon

I Mother Earth @ Vertigo

Fantastic Plastic Machine @ Legends

Fri Oct 8

Garden City Blues Blowers @ James Bay Inn

Dayglo Abortions @ Icehouse

Moxy Fruvous @ Legends

Sat Oct 9

The Bucca Kings @ James Bay Inn

Wed Oct 13th

Mad Squirrel cd release @ Legends

Fri Oct 15

Bruce Rathie @ James Bay Inn

Sat Oct 16

Slim & The Dusters @ James Bay Inn

Fri Oct 22

Dave Harris @ James Bay Inn

Robert Michaels @ Vertigo

Sat Oct 23

Don Ross @ St. Ann's Academy Auditorium

The Bucca Kings @ James Bay Inn

Tues Oct 26

Jim Williams @ George & Dragon

Weds Oct 27

Great Big Sea @ Royal Theatre

Fri Oct 29

Jake Galbraith @ James Bay Inn

Ron Sexsmith w/Emm Gryner @ Vertigo

Sat Oct 30

The Harpoons @ James Bay Inn

Mon Nov 1

Roy Petterson Quartet @ Esquimalt High Community Theatre

Fri Nov 5

Thrush Hermit w/Local Rabbits & Flashing Lights @ Vertigo

also: Victoria Gay Pride wants to hear from you! AGM, Sun Oct 3 at G Spot, 4-5pm.

WE ARE NOT PSYCHIC!
To get your event listed, you must send it to us.
Send your event information to:

THE GIG GUIDE c/o CFUV
PO Box 3035 University of Victoria
Victoria, BC V8W 3P3
FAX: (250) 721-7111
Email: offbeat@cfuv.uvic.ca

Deadline for next issue:
Oct 15th

GET OUT TOWN

Fri Oct 1

Wiseguys @ Sonar

Mon Oct 4

Natalie MacMaster @ Port Theatre - Nanaimo

Tues Oct 12

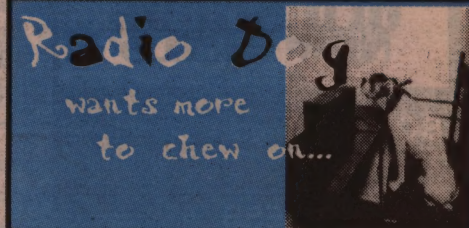
Ben Harper & The Innocent Criminals @ Orpheum Theatre - Vancouver

Sat Oct 16

Live @ Vogue Theatre - Vancouver

Mon Oct 18

Echo & The Bunnymen @ Richards On Richards, Vancouver



Wanted: a musically rounded bassist, willing to be part of a hiphop/metal/alternative band, originality is a must, and use of pedals is an asset. email trulyphat@hotmail.com, or call Trevor@656-7159

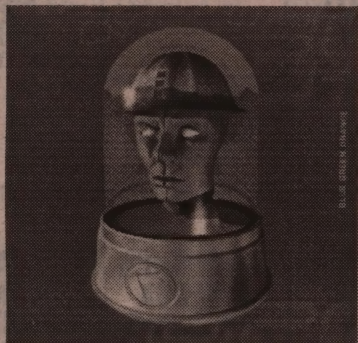
Shedskyn are currently looking for a drummer. Minimum 2 yrs. experience, double bass pedal or digital pad an asset. Shedskyn is a hiphop/metal/rock band. Under 21 preferred. Shedskyn's influences: deftones, (hed)pe, radiohead, ultraspank, various rap. Email singex@hotmail.com or call Al at (250) 472-3115

Instrumentalists sought for experimental electro-acoustic, noise, drone ensemble. Violin, cello, guitar, percussion, others welcome to join pianist/accordionist. Influences: Dirty Three, God Speed You Black Emperor, Labradford, Tony Conrad etc. You must be a creative improviser. Must be obsessed by sound. Image not relevant. Contact: umatillaproject@hotmail.com

Do you have a bulletin for Radio Dog?

It's FREE to individuals and non-profit organizations! Keep it short or we'll edit. Send them to Radio Dog c/o P.O. Box 3035, Victoria, BC, V8W 3P3 or email it to offbeat@cfuv.uvic.ca attn: radio dog.

WADDDUPP...
it's an I MOTHER EARTH
muthafreakin' giveaway y'all!



If you're one of the first to knock down Offbeat's door with this ad in your hand, you will win one of three pairs of tickets to see your fave band "I Mother Earth" at everybody's favorite live venue, Vertigo, on Oct.5! PLUS you will get a copy of IME's latest "Blue Green Orange" featuring "Summertime In The Void" and their newest single "All Awake." All courtesy of those nicies at Universal Music. Sheeyt!

all ages show listings call 370-punx for updates
fri oct 8 guitar good oppression bad presents an all ages show

fri oct 22 pre-halloween goth hump punk cfuv fundrive benefit with aphy's wax, sob story & others \$5 dress up ...both shows at GSPOT 1910 Store st.



A&B Sound and EMI Music Canada are offering you 10 chances to win "Josh's Blair Witch Mix."

Just cut out this coupon, fill in your name and telephone number, and answer the skill testing question. Then drop it in the "Blair Witch Box" at the offices of OFFBEAT Magazine and CFUV Radio, room B006, in the basement of the Student Union Building.

Or you can check out our web site at cfuv.uvic.ca.

Draw to be made October 15th.

Name: _____

Phone: _____

Skill Testing Question: Name the three students from the film:
